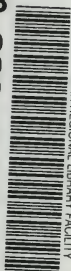


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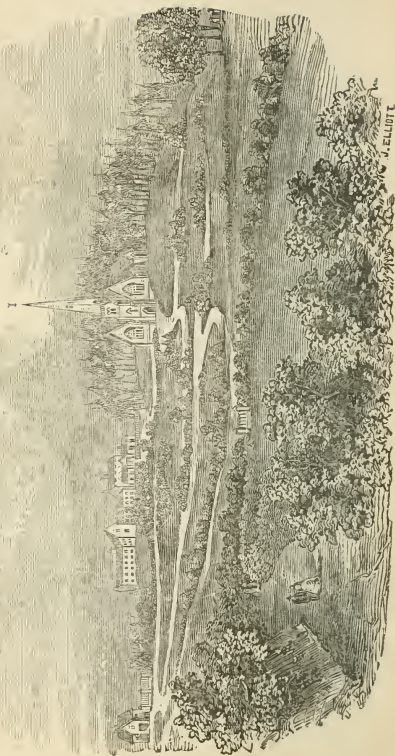


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LEISURE HOURS.



J. ELLIOTT

THE CEMETERY, STROUD.

LEISURE HOURS;
A
COLLECTION OF POEMS,

BY

JOHN ISACKE.

“ Oh deem not in this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings ;
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.”

T. CAMPBELL.



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1859.

J. ELLIOTT, STROUDWATER PRINTING-OFFICE.

PREFACE.

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The illustrious Coleridge has somewhere said, while remarking on the pleasure derived from his pen, that “independently of profit or fame, Poetry had been to him its own exceeding great reward.” And the late Hugh Miller has expressed himself in a somewhat similar manner.* May I then, having experienced something of this feeling, be allowed humbly to follow in the distance and say, that the writing of verses has been to me a peculiar source of gratification during my hours of leisure, and having written a number of pieces on various subjects, I was induced to send many of them for insertion in the Newspapers of the Neighbourhood; and it is now by the solicitations of some friends who, wishing to preserve them, requested me to collect these lowly efforts of a self-taught muse, consequently I must beg other readers not severely to criticise these, the pleasurable productions of my “Leisure Hours.”

J. I.

Cemetery Lodge, Dec., 1858.

* “The pleasure which I enjoy in composing verse is quite independent of other men’s opinions, and I expect to feel as happy as ever in the amusement, even though assured that others would find no pleasure in reading what I found so much in writing.”

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LEISURE HOURS.



THE ACORN.

"The creation of a thousand forests lies in an acorn."—

EMERSON.

SOME ages remote in the flight of time,—
'Twas a long, long while ago,—
There was a poor and a lonely clime,
With a sterile soil below :
A barren spot, a most dreary waste,
And a desolate scene to view,
Where the howling wind the storm cloud chased,
As over the land it flew.

No flowret e'er had deign'd to bloom,
No shrub its leaves display'd,
To give to the insect world a home,
Or cast o'er the land a shade ;
But for ages and ages it had lain
A desert and lifeless scene,
Where the water-floods were pour'd in vain,
And verdure never had been.

At length it befell that a straggling bird,
 Or a squirrel (be that as it may)
 But which for certain was never heard,
 Came wandering that way ;
 And as it cross'd the desolate spot,
 An acorn by chance let fall,
 Which soon in the soil began to rot,
 Fast aided by tempest and squall.

And the rain it beat, and the wind it blew,
 And the seasons rolled around,
 When behold a shoot it upwards threw,
 And a rootlet into the ground ;
 The sun shed o'er it a genial ray,
 Its leaves grew fresh and free,
 And ere many seasons had faded away,
 It flourished a sapling tree.

Old Time pass'd by in his onward flight,
 And stopped for a moment to gaze,—
 For on that spot 'twas a novel sight,
 To witness its branching sprays ;
 Full many a time he had pass'd before,
 In his way over valley and plain,
 But then it was only a barren moor,—
 So he blessed it and vanished again.

And the shoots grew up and the roots went down,
 And the leaflets to expand,
 Till a tree it became, and its shadows brown,
 Extended far over the land ;
 Its foliage beautiful, rich, and fair,
 Lent to the desert a grace,
 While wild birds flew to its branches rare,
 As a shelter and nesting place.

The seasons flew by, and the circling years
 Rolled on as in ancient time ;
 A few revolutions of planets and spheres
 Beheld it in all its prime ;
 No tempest had reft it, it felt no decay,
 No blasting by lightning's stroke ;
 Till a century passed by and it flourished away,
 A thriving and sturdy oak.

It spread forth its arms, it courted the breeze,
 And Old Time came to see it again,
 When he witness'd a forest of rising trees,
 Around it adorning the plain ;
 For at fall of the leaf when its acorns it shed,
 They too had found root in the ground,
 And clustering near him, as saplings were spread,
 And were growing in beauty around.

So Old Time took his flight as he'd done before,
 And hasted him over the plain,
 Determined to stay a full century or more
 Before he returned there again ;
 And when he came back from his hundred year's chase,
 What a different scene he descried !—
 Instead of a barren and desolate place,
 'Twas a forest in beauty and pride.



LINES TO THE WILD HYACINTH.

THE rigours of winter are past,
 And spring's happy season has come,
 The buds they are opening fast,
 And the wild bees cheerily hum.

Gentle Nature, unwearied and true,
 Bids Flora rejoice in the dell,
 Where again with delight do I view
 My lovely, my bonny blue bell.

How pleased, in a season like this,
 Will the fancy with flowers entwine,
 Recalling past moments of bliss,
 Ere the feelings began to repine.
 And again as I wander around
 On the picture delighted to dwell,
 What scenes of enjoyment are found
 As I look on the bonny blue bell.

When a child I delighted to stray
 Enrapt the wild flowers among,
 As the lambkin so blithe and so gay,
 Wherever a blossom was hung.
 I gathered the kingcup and craisey,
 Wake-robin,—but none could excel,
 Whether violet, orchis, or daisy,
 The charms of my bonny blue bell.

'Twas the joy of my earliest days,
 When spring's early blossoms were few,
 To wander the copse's wild maze
 And gather the hyacinth blue.

A handful was reckoned a prize,
 And garnished our flower-vase well,
 And still it delighteth mine eyes
 To gaze on my bonny blue bell.

Many petals are scatter'd around,
 And many old flowers I view,
 But amongst them not one can be found,
 To equal the hyacinth blue.
 The dingle with beauty is spread,
 Where forms I so familiar tell,
 But though their rich odours are shed,
 There's none like my bonny blue bell.

There's a charm in retracing our youth,
 (Tho' sadly we look on the past,)
 Ere the season of sunshine and truth
 Had the blight-cloud of sorrow o'ercast.
 And the sight of this gay little flower
 Which gladdens so freely the dell,
 Brings back the delights of the hour,
 When I sought for my bonny blue bell.

THE SNOW-FLAKE AND THE CHILD.

THE snow was descending
 On house-top and green,
 And quietly blending
 With feathers the scene,
 As a child at the casement
 Looked forth with delight,
 And cried in amazement—
 “Oh! beautiful sight!”

The snow-flake it drifted
 Again and again,
 As the wind veered or shifted
 'Twixt cranny and pane,
 Till a gust brought some under
 The eaves to the sill ;
 The child stood in wonder,
 And gazed on it still.

The servant now eyeing
 The flakes in dismay,
 With a napkin came flying
 To wipe them away ;
 The child cried " they're treasures,
 " Oh spare such pure things,
 " They are fast falling feathers
 " From angels' wings ! "

THE VILLAGE BELLS ARE SOUNDING.

THE village bells are sounding their music sweet
 and clear,
 What pleasant strains of harmony salute the
 list'ning ear,
 While the echo of their voices is wafted with the breeze
 As softly as the murm'ring wave of summer's gentle
 seas.

How soothingly the symphony is borne along the vale,
 As the undulating cadences come rising on the gale,
 Now swelling into rapture—now dying far away,
 Delightful as the glowing tint of summer's fading ray.

It spreads upon the broad expanse like ocean's rolling
 wave,
 Or the sound of distant waterfalls, or echo through
 a cave ;
 It mingles with the gentle sigh which comes at even-
 tide,
 When stir the waving forest boughs that rustle far
 and wide.

Like the sound of choral voices its music rolls along,
 As the soft reverberations is heard in the woods
 among,
 And sweet as dulcet strains of seraph minstrelsy
 Sent down to cheer the dying ere death shall set
 them free.

The breath of summer flowers may yield a sweet
 perfume,
 And load the zephyr's wings which haste the season's
 bloom ;
 Yet these have no delights which charm the list'ning
 ear,
 Like music of the Village Bells when ringing sweet
 and clear.

Thus when the gentle murmur, the softly thrilling
 chime,
 Is heard to wake an echo at that sweet and pleasant
 time ;
 May we in transport listen as the soothing cadence
 swells,
 Feeling grateful for the music of the " Merry
 Village Bells."

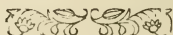
LINES TO A SNOWDROP.

FLOWRET of spring, this saddened heart thou
cheerest,

While the gay smiles of nature yet are dead ;
From the cold bank thou deignst to peep, nor fearest
The nipping blast that hovers o'er thy head ;
Pleas'd I survey thee as I near thee tread ;
I learn from thee that springtime is returning ;
Thou seem'st to say nature will lose her mourning
And soon the gloom of winter will have fled.

Thou lovely flower, foreteller of the spring,
E're yet the sun the hoary snow can chase,
Thy silvery head is rais'd and seem'st to bring
Reanimation to the winged race,
For soon the awakened bee doth greet the place
Which thou doth choose to show thy lovely form ;
He comes regardless of the flying storm,
Again thy long lost beauties to retrace.

Then welcome to my sight thou lovely flower,
Since thou canst't tell me joy doth yet remain,
I'll gazing on thee spend the sunny hour,
And turn from lurid scenes that render pain ;
For thou dost bid stern winter cease to reign.
At sight of thee the songster tries his throat,
Salutes the morn, and pours his welcome note
To cheer the woods and smiling hills again.



STANZAS—TO A FRIEND.

“Look not mournfully into the past, wisely improve the present, and go forth with a manly heart to meet the shadowy future.”—LONGFELLOW.

O the past, O look not mournfully,
 With cold and vain regret,
 Nor think with saddened feeling
 Thy brightest hopes are set.
 Throw off that dull despondency,
 Look up, be wise, be gay,
 The lowering cloud may shade the morn,
 But bright may be the day.

Hope, as a glorious beacon shines,
 To light us through our gloom,
 Nor leaves us when we reach at last,
 The borders of the tomb;
 Hope bears us like a buoyant barque.
 Through every surging wave,
 And fills our path with radiance,
 From the cradle to the grave.

To the faint and weary pilgrim,
 'Tis a sun that never sets,
 It chases all his heavy cares,
 His sorrows and regrets;
 To the weak and wayworn traveller,
 A rock to hold him fast,
 A shelter and a safe defence,
 From hurricane and blast.

Hope ! what is life without thee,
 But a bleak and barren waste,
 A field without a flower, where
 No radiant hues are traced ?
 But with thee all is sunshine,
 With its ros'y tinted beams,
 Diffusing light and gladness,
 In our doings and our dreams.

Then play again thy joyous part,
 And lift thy brow on high,
 Go forth with manly feelings,
 Work out thy destiny ;
 Rejoicing with a firm belief,
 That guardian angels wait
 To help thee through thy onward course,
 And watch thy future fate.

Go forth ; for lo the present,
 Hath its rainbow color'd zones,
 And the world is one vast temple,
 Where the mountains are its thrones ;
 Go forth, attempt the highest,
 And thy future lot shall be
 Above the little cares of earth,
 And their despondency.

Go forth with manly courage,
 To bear, to do, and hope,
 And heaven itself shall help thee,
 And keep thy courage up ;
 Until thou reach the topmast height
 To which thy heart aspire,
 And gain at length the victory,
 Thy own great soul's desire.

THE STORM.

"The murky night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the rude inconstant blast."—BURNS.

FERCE blew the breeze from the ocean,
The billows were lashing the strand,
The waves in disorder and wildest commotion,
Seem'd swiftly approaching the land.
The mariner's art was assailed,
Little use was the helm or the oar,
All efforts of steerage or anchorage fail'd,
And warn'd them to keep from the shore ;
It warn'd them at large on the ocean to ride,
'Till the wind should be hush'd and the storm should
subside.

And then came the lightning's flash,
Engendering awe and dismay,
The thunder peal'd loud, and the billowy dash
Spread o'er ocean a snowy white spray,
From the heavens impetuous pour'd
The rain from its depots on high,
While anon the loud thunder tremendously roar'd,
Rebounding its way through the sky ;
The sea-fowl that flutter'd amid the dark air,
Retreating with fear—echoed shrieks of despair !

The elements all were at war,
The ocean, the wind, and the skies,
Displaying a scene of both grandeur and awe,
And filling each breast with surprise ;

The torrents that fell from the rocks
 Rush'd headlong again to the main,
 While the sea birds that flew to their caverns in flocks,
 Were at intervals heard to complain ;
 The heaven's dark frown spread a gloom o'er the
 scene.

While the quick vivid bolt play'd each cranny between.

At length it began to decay,
 Rude Boreas did gradually cease,
 And the thunder's loud peal gently dying away,
 Made room for night's mantle of peace ;
 The torrents no longer were heard,
 The waves gently sunk to a calm,
 The evening grew still, nor the scream of a bird
 Was sounding its note of alarm ;
 All nature began to assume its fair form,
 And smile at the rage of the pitiless storm.

Then slow from her blue Eastern seat,
 Gentle Luna majestic arose,
 Diffusing her glories serenely and sweet,
 And charming earth's scenes to repose ;
 From her visage each vapour had fled,
 Each cloud was chased off at her sight,
 And the clear blue expanse of the heaven o'erhead,
 Besprinkled with stars, glitter'd bright ;
 A calm now prevailed o'er sea and o'er land,
 And the whole was a scene, lovely, awful, and grand.



SONG OF THE STORMY PETREL.

"A thousand miles from land are we
Tossed about on the stormy sea."—BARRY CORNWALL.

MANY a mile and many a league
Are we from our rocky home;
And many a wild and bold intrigue,
We play o'er the noisy foam.

Our joy is amid the billow'y waves,
Our sorrow is when they sleep;
Swiftly we fly where the tempest raves,
And sport o'er the tremulous deep.

Should the mariner curse us, what care we,
Because we forbode a storm;
Or call us the chickens of mother Carey.
We fear not their menacing harm;
But when the sun smiles with a genial ray,
'Tis then that we feel fear,
For we starve while serenity holds her sway,
And the waters are calm and clear.

Our food we find in the rustling surge,
That's raised 'neath an angry sky,
When thunders roar, and tempests urge
The billows to mountains high—
'Tis then we find our chief delight
To flutter amid the spray,
When the elements dismal to human sight,
Spread terror and dire dismay.

'Tis then above old ocean's bed,
Our pinions we briskly ply,

When all the bright prospects of nature are fled,
 And the mariner heaves a sigh ;
 When his vessel upon the waves is toss'd,
 While the world is wrapt in gloom,
 When he gives himself up, a creature lost,
 And expects a watery tomb.

THE VIOLETS.

“ Pansies, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
 Let them live upon their praises ;
 Long as there's a sun that sets,
 Primroses will have their glory,
 Long as there are *Violets*,
 They will have a place in story.”

WORDSWORTH.

WITHIN the dell there grows a simple flower,
 The lovely unassuming violet ;
 Mark well the lowly station which she holds,
 Too meek to mingle with the gay parterre.
 With modest pride her purple bloom unfolds
 Her gentle beauties to the orb of day,
 And with the pilewort lightens up the dell
 To catch the notice of the passer's eye ;
 No flaunting petal rich with gaudy hues,
 And showy ostentation gaily dress'd ;
 But soft ethereal sapphire tints prevail,
 Pure as the azure sky on which she smiles.
 Mark too her sister,* she of silvery hue ;
 Her snowy bloom unfolds to court the breeze.

* White Violet.

Child of the Spring ! No peerless maidens neck,
 Or alabaster from the purest mine,
 Equals the satin lustre exquisite
 Of that frail form now springing into view.
 Herself immaculate as loveliest flower
 That ever blushed, or bloom'd in paradise ;
 See her fair colour mingling with the green
 Of tufted moss, or verdure newly sprung,
 Invites the wand'ring bee with merry hum,
 Which in its joyous pastime wends its way
 In airy flight to revel in the dell.
 While her bright petals trembling in the breeze,
 Send their rich odours through the ambient air ;
 And with the sweetest perfume scents the gale.
 When lo ! to her the gentle primrose bends,
 With looks complaisant on her spotless hue,
 And with the genial zephyr worships her.

THE PILGRIM.

"I have seen the world—I have crossed the sea,
 But alas ! 'tis no longer a world for me ;
 Though nature is fair in her silent hours,
 And 'tis pleasant to stand in her moonlit bowers ;
 Yet changes have crossed her like wintry clouds.

* * * * *

Now 'tis a dwelling of tumult and care,
 Sin has possessed it—Ambition is there ;
 Why should I wander o'er land and sea ?
 This earth is no longer a world for me ! "

PEGG'S SPIRITS WANDERINGS.

AN old man sate upon the grass, his staff lay by
 his side,
 He stretch'd his withered hands to heaven, and
 softly thus he sigh'd :

- " A pilgrim in this desert world, I now have
 ceased to roam,
 " Father of good, of life, and light, O guide me
 safely home.
 " Full eighty summers on the earth a wanderer have
 I been,
 " And many strange vicissitudes these searching eyes
 have seen ;
 " Mid ups and downs a fearful host, my own sad lot
 was cast,
 " But wonders stranger still than mine, I've witness'd
 as I pass'd.
 " I've gazed upon the spacious world to mark its
 mighty plan,
 " I've travell'd over many lands to search the heart
 of man ;
 " And in a thousand instances unworthy of his name,
 " The lion in his den was found, more gentle than
 the same.
 " The vast eternal mountains, the ever blooming
 flowers,
 " And woodlands spread around the scene, with soft
 Elysian bowers.
 " But even there ambitious man usurps the place of
 right,
 " Opposing strangely nature's laws to shew his pigmy
 might.
 " He sways his staff of power o'er the humble and
 the weak,
 " And crushes to the very dust, the sorrowful and
 meek.

“ The child of ruthless poverty is here to him a prey,
 “ But where will stand the monarch when the
 ‘ mountains melt away ? ’

“ This heart has sicken’d at the sight on Afric’s
 burning sand,

“ As it mark’d the wretch in agony torn from his
 native land ;

“ With piercing shrieks enough to make the stoutest
 bosom bleed,

“ Oh ! when will the avenging arm repay the horrid
 deed ?

“ And trembling have I listen’d to the cannon’s
 dreadful roar,

“ And shud’ring mark’d the ensanguin’d plain
 bespread with human gore,

“ Where heaps on heaps, a fearful host, lay scatter’d
 far and wide,

“ To please a mighty Conqueror,—ambition his sole
 guide.

“ Father of mercies, turn aside these mournful
 thoughts, I pray,

“ My pilgrimage is nearly done, and short will be
 my stay ;

“ And tho’ the evils I have seen were cruel to be
 borne,

“ I feel assured ’twas ne’er decreed that ‘ man was
 made to mourn.’

“ The world was all too beautiful, when time at
 first began,

“ For any evil to be made, except by sinful man.

“ And O ! that soon the time may come the spacious
world around,

“ When naught but love and happiness shall every-
where be found.

“ When naught but love and happiness in every
realm and clime,

“ Shall make one grand millennium throughout the
scenes of Time ;

“ And bring with their beatitudes once more the
golden reign,

“ To make this fair and beauteous earth a paradise
again.”

The old man ceased, he droop'd his head, and tears
bedimm'd his eye,

As he raised his wither'd limbs and gave another
inward sigh ;

He clench'd his staff and tottering went—but 'twas
not all in vain,

Tho' I may never more behold that hoary head again.

Yes, I have learn't from him to feel, thanks for my
lowly state,

And bless the hand that shelter'd me from many a
worldling's fate ;

And I can see in bright hope's eye a better world
above,

Where weary pilgrims rest from care, in one eternal
love.



THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

FAR away in the depths of the wide rolling ocean,
 Far far 'neath the crest of the tremulous wave;
 While billows were rolling in wildest commotion,
 They sunk his remains in the Mariner's Grave.

Away from his cot and his friends so endearing,
 Away from the sound of the church-going bell;
 No kindred to pity—no eye with a tear in,
 And wild waves alone rang his funeral knell.

They carelessly huddled his gravesheet around him,
 And jestingly spoke o'er the slumb'ring dead;
 No polish'd oak coffin, or needlework bound him,
 As ocean received him to rest in her bed.

Yet calm is that form 'neath the wild rolling billow,
 Around him the flexible sea-weed may wave
 As quiet he rests, with a rock for his pillow,
 And sleeps his last sleep in the Mariner's Grave.

TO A JET FOUNTAIN.

NOW sweet are the streams of a fountain at play,
 As it rises and falls with its diamond spray;
 It glitters aloft and is swayed by the breeze,
 Like streamings of light through a forest of trees.
 Around it it flings a bright halo of pearls,
 As the silvery jets in the sunbeam unfurls,
 And no emerald, ruby, or jem of the east
 For the eye of the gazer prepares such a feast.

A softening radiance empurples the air,
 As if a bright rainbow enlivened it there,
 Shedding beauty and health on the foliage bright,
 As it scatters around like a shower of light.
 In colours resplendent each dewdrop is seen,
 Enveloping all in a dazzling sheen,
 Translucent as æther and pure as the ray
 That breaks on the world from the portals of day.
 Oh lovely it is, to stand and behold
 Such a mingling of azure and purple and gold
 As fires the scene when the rays of the morn
 In orient lustre the fountain adorn.
 Breathing music as soft and as sweet in the ears,
 As the voices that sound from celestial spheres,
 Giving hues from the plumes of the peacock to vie
 With the gems of Golconda or tints of the sky.
 Such grandeur, such beauty, there is in the stream,
 As it catches the light of each radiant beam,
 That no grotto of ocean or pearl of the wave
 Can equal the scene where its bright waters lave.
 A mist of fine vapours it spreadeth around,
 Encircling all as it falls to the ground,
 Or bounding and flying like stardrops aloft,
 Then quickly descending, as sweet and as soft.
 Long, long could we gaze on the dazzling sight,
 Enraptured with transports and thrilled with delight,
 As the bright sparkling gems go dancing on high,
 To mingle with tints of the goldspangled sky.
 Like a shower of meteors they fall on the scene,
 In azure and purple, and amber and green ;
 And no single object, in valley or mountain
 Outrivals the flow of the beautiful fountain.



LINES TO A BUTTERFLY.

“Lo! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
With silver fringed and freckled o’er with gold,
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,
They idly flutt’ring live their little hour.”

MRS. BARBAULD.

AND art thou again on thy wandering wing,
Emblem of loveliness, child of the spring,
Thy splendours once more we behold;
When the flowers are blossoming, then thou art seen,
Flitting about in thy dazzling sheen,
Bedizened with silver and gold.

Emblem of happiness, how has each hue
Of the rainbow-dyes been lavished on you,
To sport ’neath a cloudless sky,
While thy fairy movements call to mind,
Those early delights we were wont to find,
As we chased thee in summers gone by.

When revelry held o’er our spirits its sway,
And gladly we welcomed Hyperion’s ray,
As he peeped from his mansions above;
Then did we follow with eager delight,
The gay giddy maze which attended thy flight,
As it chanced near our pathway to rove.

And again, at thy sight we are wafted back
To the flowery scenes where we follow’d thy track,
Through the coppice and over the lea,
Where the daisies and buttercups gladden the green,
On that self-same spot again art thou seen,
As light, and as fresh, and as free.

Blest child of the sunbeam, how happy and gay
 Doth thy little portion of time pass away,
 Without any cares to alloy ;
 As thy wild evolutions enliven the bower,
 Flitting aloft o'er each opening flower,
 Thy business all sunshine and joy.

Then sport little radiant ; being of light,
 On the wide lap of nature prolong thy gay flight,
 While summer is brightest in bloom ;
 Make use of those elegant wings while you may,
 But remember, the very first wintry day,
 Will at once put a seal to thy doom.

Enjoy while you may thy fond festive hour,
 Drink nectar from every scent-bearing flower
 That opens its petals to light.
 And may man in his lot, learn a lesson of thee,
 Light hearted to live, and contented to be,
 While time's rapid wings take their flight.

LINES ON THE PREMATURE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR OF ENDYMION,

"To some lone spirits that proudly sing
 Their youth away and die."

SLEEP AND POETRY.

FOOR Keats is gone—"oh weep for Adonais,"
 Weep, for the bard has ceased, the dulcet strain
 Which echoed sounds like "music of the spheres,"
 Hath ceased to flow; rocks, hills, and grassy vales,
 And oceans flowing with tumultuous roar,
 Have bounded joyous to his golden lyre.

Pearl grottos, diamond caves, and sylvan dells,
 With rainbow zones, and sapphire tinted skies,
 Breathing Elysian gales at every touch,
 Were woven in one texture by his hand.
 Endymion, and Hyperion, Night and Morn,
 With the pale moon, and heaven's starry host,
 Bowed to the symphony which led the way,
 When his hand touched the chord; the universe,
 Earth, Heaven, and Pandemonium heard the song,
 While winged Dryad, Faun, Nymph, Sylph, and
 Fairy,
 With all the sylvan band of deities,
 In concert sang to his mellifluous harp.
 But "Adonais is gone;" no more that voice
 In syren chant by hill or rocky stream,
 Will call old Neptune from the sounding wave;
 No more the Triton with his winding horn
 Will wake an echo in his tuneless ear,
 Or chanting warblers, 'mid Ambrosial bowers,
 With bee and merry cricket sounding near,
 Making the morning gladsome with their song,
 Cause him again to weep. He slumbers still,
 Silent and sadly in an early grave,
 Sent thither by foul slander's venom'd tongue;
 He passed, but much unlike the morning cloud,
 Whose evanescent pencillings evade
 With tints ephemeral the lasting gaze,
 Which he for ages yet unborn will bear.
 "The poetry of earth will never die,"
 While soft Endymion lives; a glory bright
 As ever glisten'd from seraphic wings,
 And shed a dazzling lustre o'er the scene,
 Adorns the radiant atmosphere, where shine,
 In beatific vision bright and clear,

The glowing splendour of that brilliant strain ;
 A fountain soft, calm, deep and beautiful
 As ever issued from the sacred Nine
 Doth it contain, its numbers round and full,
 And lasting as the adamantine caves
 Of which its palaces and fairy halls,
 And grottos incommunicate are built.
 A sweet enchantment glows on every page,
 Which leads the feelings on through fields of bliss,
 Till the lured senses wake in ecstasies ;
 So exquisitely beautiful and fine
 Are the soft airs which thrill the very soul.
 Yet he is gone ; tho' mountain-land and flood—
 Like bulwarks to his spirit's buoyant flight—
 Delighted him ; tho' hurricane and storm
 He looked undaunted on ; he could not brook
 "The iron slander of a passing age."
 Oh ! would that idle calumny and scorn
 Were banished from our land ; that all the ills
 "Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,"
 Were no more known in this bright world of ours !
 When that cold "inhumanity to man,"
 Shall cease to ford the stream which now prevails,
 And turn its dagger to a pruning hook—
 Then may the poet live,—his noble end
 For which he fills on earth his humble sphere,
 Will then be fully known ; his sun be bright,
 And glory shed a lustre o'er his brow,
 Lasting as is bright heaven's imperial throne ;
 The world will be an Eden—and mankind
 Will dwell once more in paradise regained.



LAMENT OF THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

“Thy home is the wood on the echoing hill,
 * * * * *
 And soft as the south wind the branches among
 Thy plaintive lament goes floating along.”
 MINSTRELSY OF THE WOODS.

OH! give me back my forest glade,
 With beds of summer flowers—
 My snug retreat, my leafy shade,
 Amid ambrosial bowers.

Where rills of murmuring waters flow,
 So cool and pleasantly;
 Oh! give me back my favourite bough,
 And set my pinions free.

Oh! break the envious door,—my song
 Brooks not this wiry cell,
 But give me back the woods, and strong
 My sweetest notes shall swell;
 The echoes of a sylvan shade
 Are far more dear to me;
 Oh! give me back my leafy glade,
 And set my pinions free.

Once I enjoyed the evening breeze,
 And told my plaintive tale,
 While sitting on the list’ning trees,
 Beneath the moonbeams pale;
 But now I pine in human hands,
 As sad, as sad can be.
 Oh! give me back my forest lands,
 And set my pinions free.

No wild airs play around the hall,
 Or music of the wave,
 I cannot hear the waterfall,
 Which echoed through the cave ;
 No, I am bound an abject slave,
 From love and liberty.
 Give me the gifts fond nature gave,
 And once more set me free.

Then would I sing my thrilling song,
 With all my lively powers,
 Through the green woods my strain prolong,
 And wake the sleeping hours ;
 The fairy dells with rapture fill
 With my best minstrelsy,
 Till stream, wood, valley, rock, and hill,
 Should hear that I was free.

STANZAS TO——.

“The present joys of life we doubly taste
 By looking back with joy upon the past.”

MART. EPIG. XXIII.

LONG years have rolled o'er us since last in the
 grove
 We pleasantly rambled together,
 When we carelessly held a discourse upon love,
 Then on woods and the beautiful weather.
 The sun was just sinking his beams in the west,
 And we on the old stile reclining ;
 While mountain and forest seemed raising their crest,
 To catch the last rays of his shining.

The gay little squirrel 'mid boughs overhead,
 Hopped about in his coverts of green ;
 And the blackbird's alarm-note, as swiftly he fled,
 Gave a charm to that beautiful scene.
 The last busy caw of the rooks up aloft,
 Their evening orisons were sending ;
 And the streamlet it murmured so sweetly and soft,
 Where the sunlight with shadow was blending.

The fond reminiscence of that lovely scene,
 Unsullied by sorrow or tears ;
 Where we wandered in friendship, so calm and serene,
 That spot to my memory endears.
 As lightly I glance o'er the dark sylvan glen,
 With its green mossy tufts in the way ;
 I seem to live over those hours again,
 The delights of a happier day.

For oft did we cherish in fondness and pride,
 Those snatches of rest from the crowd ;
 And meet in the dingle at evening-tide,
 Far aloof from the gay and the proud ;
 The seat of our joy—a sequestered retreat,
 Alone in a green mossy bower,
 Where we with ourselves held communion so sweet,
 Beguiling the lingering hour.

And you—when reflection shall carry you back,
 To the once hallowed scenes that are o'er,
 Must joyously own that the pleasantest track
 We e'er paced, was in rambles of yore.
 Oh ! memory, brightest of blessings that clings
 To our souls (though on earth we now sever)
 Still shed o'er our being the glow of thy wings,
 And that will be transport for ever.

TO THE CUCKOO.

“Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear,
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
 Or Winter in thy year.”—BRUCE.

BIRD of ever welcome wing,
 Herald of a happy time,
 Joy and gladness dost thou bring
 To our clime.

Chasing sadness far away,
 As thy well-known cry is heard,
 Ringing through the coppice gay,
 Lovely bird.

Bringing early recollections,
 Fresh to memory again,
 Of the past and its affections,
 With the strain,—

When in childhood's years we listened
 To the coming of thy voice,
 Making, where the landscape glistened
 All rejoice.

Oh that heart is cold and dreary
 Who cannot rejoice with thee,
 As elate thou singest cheery
 On some tree.

Or sequestered mid the bowers
 Of some lone secluded dell,
 Where the lovliest of flowers
 Deign to dwell.

Sending forth their luscious breathing
 Through the ever-pleasing shade,
 Where the tender woodbines wreathing
 Scent the glade.

Calling up the year's best glory
 Where thou gaily deign'st to sing,
 Changing scenes late drear and hoary
 Into Spring.

Glowing scenes of revelry
 Fill the redolented air,
 When amid the scene we see
 Thou art there.

Bird of Spring, what joy thou bringest,
 Sounds and sights benignly grand,
 As in raptured notes thou singest
 O'er our land.

STANZAS.

“———the forest oak which shades
 The sultry troops in many a toilsome march,
 Once an unheeded acorn lay.”

THERE stands in the valley an ancient oak,
 Whose spreading branches the woodman's stroke
 Has never yet deign'd to sever :

Though centuries have past in Time's swift tide,
 Since the first little sprout of its umbrage wide,
 Still majestic it grows by the green hill side,
 With its glories as brilliant as ever.

The squirrel has revelled its verdure among,
 And the kestrel has nestled its callowing young,
 Secure in a cradle of green ;
 While its old sturdy limbs bore the hurricane blast,
 As in madness the whirlwind was hurrying past,
 Yet firm and unshaken it still stands as fast,
 And as fair as it ever has been.

From amid its wild branches the throstle's loud song
 Has wafted the evening breezes along,
 In music, rich, flowing, and free ;
 While the youths of the village—a light-hearted band
 'Neath its emerald branches have taken their stand,
 To tell their light stories, or dance hand in hand,
 And make it their trysting tree.

Oh ! long may it flourish a sturdy old oak,
 And the raven aloft from its pinnacles croak,
 As, adorning the valley, it stands
 A shelter to fly to, in tempest and storm—
 A shade when the sunbeams are brilliant and warm,
 And may no lightning's blast its beauty deform,
 Till crushed by Time's conquering hands.



LINES TO A FUGITIVE BUTTERFLY.

“Child of the sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight.”—ROGERS.

Go, haste thee, little wanderer, of the bright and
sunny hours,

Go, seek thy luscious paradise of rainbow-tinted
flowers ;

Enjoy the sweets their odours yield, their painted
petals clip,

And from each round nectarium the honey'd nectar sip.

Far, far o'er Flora's wide domain extend thy waving
wing,

And greet in joyous ecstasy the wild bees wandering ;
Give dalliance to the roseate scenes where fragrant
breezes play,

And while thy short-lived summer lasts enjoy thy
little day.

We would not stay thy gay career and seal thy early
doom,

Because thine inadvertent wings have led thee from
thy home ;

No ; mount aloft in ambient air ; thy pearly wings
unfold,

And seek once more the flowr'y scenes of amethyst
and gold.

Go, haste thee, little wanderer, of summer's happy
hours,

And mingle with thy kindred throng amid the
blooming bowers ;

On wings of pleasure soar aloft,—and soar exultingly,
That o'er the beauteous scenes of earth once more
thou roamest free.

For what is life, with all its charms, without its
liberty,
If kept an abject slave, tho' in a palace it may be ;
Yes, dearer are the joys that spring, in earth, or sea,
or air,
If we only feel that freedom's wing is waving gently
there.

Then go, frolic in the fairy dells that skirt the
mountains vast,
Until the reign of summer time with all its joys are
past ;
And when the radiant scenes are fled, and earth no
more is blest,
Creep gently in some roseleaf bed and fold thy wings
to rest.

STANZAS TO THE SKY LARK.

“The evening lark is soaring still.”

THE sun down the west is slowly descending
And gilding each cloud as he fades from the
sight.

While the scenes of the landscape in harmony
blending,
Are lending their hues to the shadows of night ;

But his beams they still linger on streamlet and fountain,

And glisten around where the bright waters flow ;
While aloft from his covert the lavrock is mounting,
And pouring his strains in the valley below ;
And cheering the scenes of fair nature to rest,
As he issues his song to the sun in the west.

The cattle around in the pastures are grazing,
The dews of the valley rise heavy and chill,
And the song of the lark with more vigour is raising,
As the hum of the village grows silent and still :
His shrill notes re-echo the woodlands around him,
As gaily he soars in the æther so high ;
And conscious he seems that true pleasures surround him,

While he whistles his song in the clear summer sky,—
As he pours forth his strain to his mate on her nest,
And watches the last crimson rays of the west.

How oft have I listened as silently roaming,
When scarcely a warble was heard from the trees,
When the breath of sweet flora was spread through the gloaming,
And the song of the sky lark swell'd loud on the breeze ;
When his melody floating o'er mountain and dingle,
Awakened the stillness that slumber'd around,
And faintly the voice of the cricket would mingle,
Like fairy notes wild in its musical sound ;
While his rapturous song gave to evening a zest,
As he sung his last strains to the light of the west.

LINES LAMENTING THE FELLING OF
 “HAZLE WOOD.”

W^HY LAS! and is it verified
 That thou art doom'd to go!
 The axe unto thy root is laid,
 And loud resounds the blow;
 'Tis not Old Time, with ruthless hand,
 That spreads his wand around,
 But hands of ever active man,
 Doth raze thee to the ground.

Too late I hear a voice that cries,
 Pray “woodman spare the trees,”
 Which threw their cooling shade around,
 And trembled with the breeze.
 And where are now thy tangled brakes,
 Or winding alleys green?
 I scarce can recognise the spot,
 So alter'd is the scene.

Oft have I roved beneath thy shade,
 To cull the flow'ret rare,
 Or pluck the woodland strawberry,
 Which grew in clusters there;
 When scenes of love or solitude,
 Or friendship play'd their part,
 And fill'd with glowing ecstasies
 This young aspiring heart.

Methinks I see thee standing yet,
 While feather'd songsters pour
 Their warbling notes amid thy glades,
 As once they did of yore.
 But 'tis in fancy's eye alone
 That thou again art seen,
 In all thy pride and majesty,
 And waving foliage green.

But, as an old familiar friend,
 I gaze upon thee now,
 Although thy trunks lie prostrate round,
 And stripped of every bough :
 For fond endearing thoughts arise,
 Which hover o'er thee yet,
 And hint they cannot leave thee
 But with feelings of regret.

I own it is a weakness at
 Such trifles to repine,
 When our feelings ought to rest on things
 More worthy and divine ;
 Yet as I stand and silent gaze,
 I scarce refrain from tears,
 To mark such desolation where
 I roved in early years.



LINES ON A MAY MORNING.

“There’s perfume upon every wind,
 Music in every tree,
 Dews for the mountain-loving flower,
 Sweets for the sucking bee.”

BEDECK’D with gay flowerets the spring-time
 is here,
 The voice of the Cuckoo is sounding afar ;
 The humming Bee revels both distant and near,
 And nothing is seen the fair landscape to mar.

How clear is the stream as it wanders along,
 Or leaps o’er its pebbles in glittering spray ;
 The woods are all joyous, the birds in full song,
 And the whole land rejoices ’neath sunbeams
 of May.

And blithesome we feel while the chorus is ringing,
 So fresh from its thralldom of winterly gloom ;
 As we peep in the woods where the branches are
 swinging,
 Enjoy the fresh breezes and scent the perfume.

High in air fly the Rooks with a busy caw, caw,
 Now joyously wheeling, now turning again ;
 Or striving to pillage a stick or a straw,
 To replenish the waste of their ancient domain.

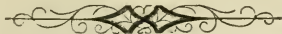
And the redbreasted Robin who late left our dwelling,
 Takes up his abode in the coverts of green,
 To whistle his note where the blossoms are swelling
 And sweetly enliven the pastoral scene.

And the stream-loving Swallow is swift on the wing,
 Shooting by like an arrow from Indian arm ;
 While notes from the Thrush cause the valley to ring,
 And the Woodpecker's tapping complete the wild
 charm.

And blithe is the Lark, and bright is the scene,
 And briskly the Lambkins are sporting away ;
 'Tis May-day around us and Flora, the Queen,
 Is dancing in glee to her own merry May.

SONNET TO AN OWL.

SING on strange bird, who dwellest in the shade
 Of fir trees dark, or midst the boughs of yew ;
 Sing on, that to mine ear may be conveyed
 Thine ever pleasing notes, TU WHIT TU WHOO,
 Which oft have echoed the lone valley through.
 As silently I've paused to hear the sound,
 Spreading like music o'er enchanted ground,
 Or distant cadences o'er waters blue ;
 At twilight's hour of calm, when all was still,
 Save the lone nightingale with music shrill,
 Who from her favourite branch amid the glade,
 Would sweetly blend her varied notes with you :
 Then sing away, and oft at evening shade,
 May I walk forth to hear TU WHIT TU WHOO.



TO THE SWALLOW.

“No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye.”
JAGO.

WHEN the grass is young and tender,
When the bud is fresh and green,
When kind Nature strives to render
Bright and beautiful the scene ;
Then thou comest blithesome swallow,
Flitting by on rapid wing,
And the cuckoo notes they follow,
Blending with the charms of Spring.

When the sun with glowing powers
Wakes to life the insect world,
And the myriad-blooming flowers
Have their beauteous tints unfurled ;
Then thou sportest in full vigour,
Dashing by with arrowy wing ;
Thy shining plumage, graceful figure,
Adding to the charms of Spring.

When the merry skylark soaring,
Upward takes his morning flight,
And his shrilly notes outpouring,
Fills the region with delight ;
Then to make the charm still brighter,
Thou dost add thy glossy wing,
Making all light hearts still lighter,
In the joyous scenes of Spring.

Yet how short, thou strange new comer,
 Is thy visit to our land ;
 For soon the fleeting smiles of Summer
 Haste thee back to Afric's strand,
 Where nature from her bounty's throwing
 Scenes of pleasure for thy wing.—
 And thus thy days 'mid beauty glowing,
 Pass like one perpetual Spring.

STANZAS.

“The time of the singing of birds is come,
 And the voice of the (cuckoo) is heard in our land.”

§ TREW the path with flowers,
 And let not now pale sorrow's withering breath
 Invade the province of those sacred hours,
 With feelings worse than death.

The bee is on the wing ;
 Amid the grass the golden wild flowers wave ;
 Nature rejoices in the smile of spring,
 Fresh from a Winter's grave.

Myriad hearts beat high ;
 Around, above, we hear the murmuring hum
 Of joy and gladness 'neath a laughing sky,
 That sunny Spring has come.

Then strew the road with flowers,
 And let not sorrow with her withering breath
 Invade the province of those hallowed hours,
 With feelings worse than death.

AFAR IN THE FOREST.

A FAR in the forest I love to stray,—
 Where the wild birds warble their woodland lay
 'Midst scenes of the deepest solitude ;
 Where scarcely a foot has been known t' intrude ;
 Where the snake may bask with his speckled crest,
 And the raven croak from her high-built nest,
 And swift from the brake the coney bound,
 To sport without fear on its native ground.

Afar in the forest I love to stray,—
 Where the wild flowers bloom on the pathless way,
 And far o'er the woodland blend their sweets
 To fill with perfume those sequester'd retreats ;
 Where the ivy aloft round the oak doth cling,
 And the wild bee wanders on restless wing,
 And the butterfly flutters from flower to flower,
 To enjoy the delights of the sunny hour.

Afar in the forest I love to stray,—
 When the sun has shed his departing ray,
 And the owl from her mantling bower doth peep,
 And the badger and fox from their coverts creep ;
 When the dews from the lake bespread the green,
 And hang like a cloud o'er the sylvan scene,
 And Luna rides in her concave height,
 To shed o'er the foliage her trembling light.

Dear scenes of romance, with rapture I hail
 The pleasures that linger in memory's tale,
 Which fill the heart with feelings bland
 To mingle their charms with your hallowed land :
 Your brambles envelop'd in dewdrop's tears
 Still tell me a tale of departed years ;
 And your sunny glades recall the time
 When infancy dawn'd in its early prime.

STANZAS.

“Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.”—MILTON.

THE morning breeze is floating sweetly,
Wafting zephyrs through the vale ;
The ivy tendrils twining neatly,
Round the rustic garden pale ;
The soaring lark rehearsing loudly,
Thrilling pleasure from above ;
While woods and forests waving proudly,
Are fill'd with scenes of joy and love.

How blest in such a morn as this,
Must feel the heart to wander free,
Where nature pours her raptured bliss,
Spreading far as eye can see ;
A glowing thrill of sweet devotion
Fills the soul with feelings bland ;
As we watch with fond emotion
Pleasure walking through the land.

Sparkling scenes are spread before us,
Brilliant in the morning beam ;
Gentle fountains sound a chorus,
Lovely as an angel's dream.
Oh ! how blest, how pure and brightly,
Now appears the radiant scene,
As our spirits, bounding lightly,
Drink their fill of joys serene.

Branches intertwined in union,
 Form a pleasant forest shade ;
 Choristers in sweet communion,
 Charm the valley and the glade ;
 Thousand beds of fragrant flowers
 Waft their incense to the skies,
 From the rich and roseate bowers,
 In this land of Paradise.

How beautiful His hand benignly
 Spreads the landscape to the view ;
 Who made the blade to glitter finely,
 Hung with drops of pearly dew.
 Oh ! what pure, what hallowed feeling,
 Fraught with ecstacy divine,
 Fill each heart, whilst humbly kneeling,
 At the God of Nature's shrine.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

"The wretch that works and weeps without relief,
 Has one that notices his silent grief."—COWPER.

I HAD a dream, a happy dream, I dream't of
 freedom's home ;
 A lovely pure elysian scene, where freemen
 loved to roam ;
 Where Britain's radiant goddess struck the harp's
 melodious string,
 And sweet enchanting liberty, around me seem'd
 to ring ;

Methought in ecstasy I found this land across the
 wave,
 I shouted, danced, and leap'd for joy,—I was no
 more a Slave!

Fair garlands trimm'd, in rich array, hung round the
 festive scene,
 And Heaven's azure arch above look'd peaceful and
 serene;
 A land of love, of life, and light, this Island seem'd
 to me,
 A pure untainted Paradise, where every heart was free.
 Oh! how the bursting tears of joy my ebon cheek
 did lave,
 I cried, I stamp'd, I danced in glee,—I was no more
 a Slave!

The quiet calm benignant look, the laughing lovelit eye
 That beam'd around this happy land of love and
 liberty,
 Methought were dearer to the heart, than India's
 richest gems
 That shine with so much lustre on their princely
 diadems;
 I hid my face, I sobb'd aloud, I bless'd the rolling
 wave,
 Which wafted me, and made me free,—I was no
 more a Slave!

I thought no more of bitter toil, which makes the
 millions mourn,
 Who from their sunny free-born homes, by savage
 whites are torn,
 For I had found the seat of bliss, my joyous heart
 beat high,

And every sadden'd feeling from this bosom seem'd
to fly ;

A rapture fill'd my very soul, fresh tears again I gave,
Crack, crack, I heard a whip, I woke,—and found
myself a Slave !

I trembling from my pallet crept, the visions of my
brain

Seem'd like a soft reality, in memory's golden chain ;
I dropt a bitter burning tear,—he heeded not my sigh,
But turn'd on my imploring looks, a cold averted eye ;
So I am doom'd to toil and sweat, in vain I stamp or
rave,

Oh ! Freedom, how I sigh for thee ! but—I am still
a Slave !

THE IDIOT BOY.

FAIR from the scenes of joyous mirth,
He wanders forth forlorn ;
A friendless outcast from his birth,
Held up to laugh and scorn ;
No sorrows can disturb his mind,
No worldly charms decoy ;
By either undisturbed we find
The wandering Idiot Boy.

His life is like an empty dream
On time's resistless wave,
He passes as some gliding stream,
From childhood to the grave ;

Yet hap'ly with that vacant stare,
 He feels an inward joy,
 Which many a genius fain would share,
 With that poor Idiot Boy.

No friendly hand to guide his ways
 Through life's tempestuous lot ;
 Left in a desert world, he strays
 Unheeded and forgot :
 Yet still no rankling cares molest,
 Few thoughts his mind employ ;
 But calm and tranquil heaves the breast
 Of that poor Idiot boy.

The solitary fields to pace,
 To him is pure delight ;
 Or with the neighbouring children chase,
 The drowsy chafer's flight.
 Then do not with thy looks deride,
 Or say he feels no joy ;
 And in thy hasty greeting chide,
 The wandering Idiot Boy.

ELIJAH.

“ What doest thou here, Elijah ? ”—1 KINGS, xix. 9.

ELIJAH stood in the wilderness,
 In a sad and a pensive case,
 He folded his hands in deep distress,
 Alone in that lonely place ;

The bitterest pangs came over his soul,
 And the bitterest tears he shed,
 As into the cavern he silently stole,
 From the night-dews to shelter his head.

Elijah pray'd in the wilderness,
 He pray'd for his daily bread;
 And his prayers were heard,—in his deep distress,
 A table before him was spread;
 An angel was sent due comfort to give,
 When he fancied all comfort had flown,
 That the prophet, he longer yet longer might live,
 Tho' left in the desert alone.

A cheerful meal each opening morn,
 Was prepared for the holy seer,
 Of viands by minist'ring ravens borne,
 His desolate spirit to cheer.
 And duly at eve came the birds with their load,
 As the sun down the western ran;
 And his drink was the rippling stream that flow'd
 By the feet of the holy man.

He gazed on the Heavens, he gazed upon Earth,
 Where the clouds their dark shadows threw;
 He thought on his kindred, he thought on his birth,
 And patient his chasten'd soul grew;
 And often with joy from his lonely cave,
 Did the good old Prophet arise,
 To bless the good hand for the blessings he gave,
 With tears in his grateful eyes.

So he silently waited from day to day,
 In his lonely—his desert state;
 Till the hand he relied on should point the way
 To a brighter and better fate.

At length the kind message saluted his ear,
 And bade him no longer delay,
 But depart from the desert with faith and with cheer,
 And the Lord would direct his way.

So Elijah arose from his dreary retreat,
 For the brook was beginning to dry,
 And the sun darted down its scorching heat,
 From a bright and a burning sky—
 As he journeyed he met with a widow whose tale
 Was so sad that she scarcely could live ;
 She told how her meal had begun to fail,
 And her oil was too scanty to give—

That her only son was nigh unto death,
 And for him she hourly wept,
 And still to delay his departing breath
 The last of her oil she kept.—
 Then the good old Prophet knelt and pray'd,
 That her hopes might yet revive,
 That the waste of her meal might yet be stay'd,
 And her son might be kept alive.

So he dwelt with that widow, his miracles wrought—
 And health was restored again,
 The sky became clouded, the earth with its drought,
 Was drenched with a plenteous rain—
 The barrel ne'er fail'd, the meal kept good,
 And the cruse of oil it still ran,
 Till the widow rejoiced with health and food,
 By the prayers of that holy man.

Oh ! would like Elijah, when sore distress'd
 Instead of repining and grief,

We flew to that Hand for succour and rest,
 Where alone we can find a relief.
 Then onwards and upwards our spirits would go
 Ascending on wings sublime ;—
 Till we look'd with composure on troubles below
 And triumph'd o'er sorrows of Time.

LINES TO THE ENGLISH FIRE FLY.*

(CHRISIS IGNITA.)

I HAVE gazed on the fair one, bewitching to
 sight—

On the dew of the rosebud that hung from
 the tree—

On the crown of a kingdom, with diamonds bright—
 But none in their splendour can equal with thee.

The pearls of the ocean are fair to behold,
 And bright is the crest of the humming bird's plume ;
 But none can compare to the crimson and gold,
 Or the emerald tints which thy vesture assume.

Like a burnished carbuncle thy corset appears ;
 Like a gem in a flame is thy faceted eye ;
 All fretted and knotted in glistening tears,
 And cast in the matrix of beauty's own die.

Oh ! how dost thou rival thy friends on the wing,
 Like a gem or a spark from Golconda's fair clime,

* This insect and its allied species, known by the name of Goldtail, are seldom seen except in hot sunny weather.

As, aloft with thy brilliants, from earth thou dost
spring,

And flutter thy wings in the sun's golden prime,—

Reflecting each hue of the rainbow or cave,

As thy dazzling movements play over the green;

Like a sprite or a fairy such graces they have,

So light and so quickly as scarce to be seen.

Yet in spite of thy beauty, and spite of thy pride,

How quickly thy butterfly season is o'er ;

For long ere the bloom of one summer has hied,

Thou foldest thy wings, and thy race is no more.

TO ———

WH! who would be a butterfly,
And lounge away his hours,
Sporting beneath a sunny sky,
And playing with the flowers?

From morn till noon, from noon till night,

While useful hands are wanting ;

To find on earth no more delight

Than laziness and flaunting?

Nay, from all idleness and pride,

To noble hearts degrading,

Turn, turn thy wandering thoughts aside,

For honors never fading.

Those careless habits never bring
 The inward satisfactions,
 Like those which naturally spring
 From doing useful actions.

The busy ant which toils all day,
 The humming restless bee,
 Who from their task will never stray,
 A lesson gives to thee ;
 Then work while yet the day is bright,
 And health with vigour flows,
 Delay it not, for soon the night,
 Upon thy work may close.

TO THE OWL.

WHAT time the lark is on the wing,
 And busy rooks begin to caw,
 When notes of cricket cease to ring,
 And dawning day begins to draw ;
 Up, and away, to the old church tower,
 Stern as a druid, and clothed in gray ;
 Nodding and winking at each sunny hour.
 Life's busy round dost thou doze away, dream away,
 Life's busy round dost thou dream away.

When dragon-flies are sporting seen
 With their coats of burnish'd gold,
 Or the beetle on the green,
 Does his shining wings unfold ;

Up, and away, in the old church tower,
 Silent as night 'neath her mantle of gray,
 Scorning to look upon one sunny hour,
 Life's busy round dost thou doze away, dream away,
 Life's busy round dost thou dream away.

TO THE SAME.

"The owl at midnight
 Hooting, laughing, in the forest."
 LONGFELLOW'S HIAWHATHA.

When the day begins to fade,
 And Hesper shineth bright and clear,
 When the dews bespread the blade,
 And fairy footsteps come so near;
 Flying low away dost thou go,
 Along with the rearmouse, over the glen,
 Tu whit! tu whoo! then a loud hoo oo!
 Who like thou so frolicsome then,
 Who like thou so frolicsome then.

When the cock is in the shed,
 And the swallow seeks the barn,
 When the otter from his bed,
 Prowls around the silent tarn;
 Away, away, after the day,
 Flying with echo through glade and glen,
 Ha ha! tu whoo! tu whit! hoo oo!
 Who in their revels so frolicsome then,
 Who in their revels so frolicsome then.

A FABLE.

“Let wiser heads for science claim degrees,
 Be mine an humbler task, the young to please.”
 OLD RHYME.

A BUTTERFLY lived in a rose,
 Which bloomed in its native bower,
 Lightly and gaily,
 He sported it daily,
 And clung to his favourite flower.

An emmet that lived at its stem,
 Where the ramified rootlets entwined,
 Took a great deal of pains
 To gather some grains,
 Of wheat, and what else he could find.

The butterfly, haughty and vain,
 Made use of his dazzling wing ;
 Laughed much at the labour
 Of his humble neighbour,
 And called him a poor slavish thing.

But the emmet undaunted and brave,
 Still worked 'mid the grass and the weeds,
 Till he'd heap'd up a store,
 A full handful or more,
 Of all sorts of beautiful seeds.

The butterfly car'd for it not ;
 He still clung to his favourite flower,
 Flirting about,
 As the sunshine peeped out,
 In revelry passing each hour.

The emmet he laboured still more,
 Now carrying sticks to his cell,
 Till he'd made a large mound,
 Both lofty and round,
 Which he brought from all parts of the dell.

At length, the decline of the year,
 In sadness came hastening on ;
 Already a shower
 Had spoilt the frail flower,
 And the butterfly's strength was nigh gone.

But the emmet as lively as ever,
 Still round his own precincts would roam ;
 Till he'd gathered a bed
 Of the roseleaves dead,
 Which fell from the butterfly's home.

The butterfly sighed when he saw
 What havoc a shower had made ;
 He fluttered around,
 But no flow'ret was found,
 Though he sought it all over the glade.

The emmet still followed his task,
 Regardless of tempest or brecze ;
 Running frequent and quick,
 After leaflet or stick,
 As they fell from the frost-bitten trees.

But the butterfly's doom was sealed,
 For the very next withering blast
 Laid him dead on the ground,
 By the side of the mound,
 Which the vigorous emmet had cast.

The emmet came forth at the dawn,
 And was taking his usual round,
 When behold in his way
 Lay the butterfly gay,
 With his plummy wings stretched on the ground.

Its gay little revels were over,
 Its short lived summer was done ;
 No more could it spring
 With its dazzling wing,
 And sport in the warmth of the sun.

The emmet now leaped on his prize,
 As it lay in his pathway that morn ;
 Cries he, " what a feast
 I will make of this beast,
 Who laughed all my labour to scorn ;

" I have got him at last safe and sound,
 He neither can flutter nor sneer ;
 On his winglets so fine
 All my neighbours shall dine,
 He will make us good wintry cheer."

Then tugging with all his might,
 Straightway to his cell he descended ;
 Where the revels kept high,
 Till old Winter flew by,
 Thus the life of the Butterfly ended.

MORAL.

Now you that in pleasures abound,
 And think they will never be over,

Who look with much scorn,
On the poor and forlorn,
Think, think on this gay little rover.

Your morning of life may look fair ;
The rose and the myrtle may bloom ;
But time hurries past,
With its withering blast,
And may very soon settle thy doom.

Then go to the ant and be wise ;
Learn a lesson, as Solomon said,
While the bloom on thy cheek
Health and vigour bespeak,
And joys o'er thy being are shed.

TO THE DAISY.

“ Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod.”—CLARE.

♪ **W**AS in that pleasant vernal time,
When sunshine followed April showers,
When Spring was clad in all its prime,
I gazed upon the queen of flowers.

I thought the carpet 'neath the feet
Of kings, or blush of summer rose,
Could scarcely yield a scene so sweet
As thy fair form and tints disclose.

Thus as I still and silent stood,
 Beside an humble gipsy dwelling,
 And thou around in myriads strew'd,
 I thought his pleasure most excelling.

His children frolick'd o'er thy head,
 In pleasant pastime free and hearty;
 His pony roll'd upon thy bed,
 All joyous as a wedding party.

And when I saw thee studding o'er
 The level of the rich man's green,
 Like stars upon an emerald floor,
 With joy I gazed upon the scene.

Or, when upon the grassy bank,
 With varied insects round thee playing,
 Mid violet fair or crasey rank,
 Their changeful attitudes displaying.

Still thou art brightest of the train,
 Of all the flowers that flock thee round,
 Whether thou deign'st to spot the plain,
 Or decorate the monarch's ground.

The silvery meekness of thy look
 Has such a sweet attractive power,
 That where'er I gaze in nature's book,
 I view with joy my simple flower.



LINES WRITTEN ON A SUMMER'S MORNING.

“ I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn.”
MACKAY.

THE morning breaks both fresh and fair, the
orient tinted sky
Proclaims a day of brilliancy, of warmth, and
melody;
Both right and left upon the land, the fields of
waving corn
Are spread between the thickets, the landscape
to adorn.

The feathered tribe on gladsome wing, now take
their morning flight,
And through the dewy æther, sing their matins to
the light;
The numerous herbs that strew the ground, with
odours fill the gale;
The barking of the shepherd's dog is heard throughout
the vale.

And now the busy maid is seen, with milk-pail at
her side,
To trip along the meadows green and greet the dairy's
pride,
While sol's resplendent beams chase the dews of
morn away,
And with his power make every flower look still more
fresh and gay.

And is there still a heart that feels no joy at charms
like these ?

Can Nature's self bring no relief their gloomy breasts
to please ?

Ah no, I fear, that many a year is past by some along,
Who waste the morn, nor care to hear the lark's
melodious song.

To them the giddy dance or play is all the joy they
seek,

In folly's maze from day to day, no rest from week
to week :

Thus, heedlessly, on ruin's brink, they pass each
fleeting hour,

Nor seek a solitude to think, or Nature's God
adore.

But I have still a heart that feels elated with the
scene,

Where noble trees right nobly stand, and flowers
stud the green ;

Where rais'd aloft with music soft, the warblers fill
the sky ;

And, near one's feet, through meadows sweet, the
brook runs murmuring by.


Oft have I gazed upon the land, where Severn's
winding stream

Rolls forth her silvery tide, beneath the sun's re-
splendent beam,

Till, fill'd with admiration, my thoughts I've rais'd
above,

To Him who is sole cause of all, in gratitude and
love.

OUR EARLY DAYS.

 UR early days, our early days—it is a pleasant
 theme,
 That lingers in fond memory's depths, like some
 enchanting dream ;
 Again that bright and happy time, with fresh delight
 is seen,
 When we chased the painted butterfly across the
 village green.

Our early days, our early days—with beams of life
 and light,
 How brilliantly was each fond scene enclosed in
 haloes bright ;
 Free and unfettered as the wind, our thoughts and
 actions ran,
 Ere reason sage had found us, or the world pro-
 claim'd us man.

Our early days, our early days—how did each rolling
 year,
 Laden with many spoils, to us all golden did appear,
 How did each young expanding thought with coming
 pleasure blend,
 And tell us in our reveries, such days would never
 end !

Our early days, our early days—when of our actions
 proud,
 We seem'd to live in transports, with a sky without
 a cloud,
 And tho' old time, the present scenes with shadow
 hath o'ercast,
 We look for future blessings from reflections of the
 past.

Our early days, our early days—thy thoughts I still
 hold dear,
 For tho' thy distance now seem great, thy pleasures
 still seem near,
 And like some high wrought fancied scene, with
 beauty's flow'rets twined,
 Their pleasant reminiscences oft crowd upon the mind.

Our early days, our early days—with blessings not
 a few,
 I would not lose thy memory, for the riches of Peru;
 It brings a charm which glads my heart whene'er the
 thoughts we raise,
 Which carries us to former times—our joyous early
 days.

SONNET.

“ 'Tis night and the landscape is lovely no more.”
 BEATTIE.

THE night, stern Empress of the sable shades
 In solemn darkness reigns upon the scene,
 Where late the sunbeams lit the opening glades
 Warming the beauties of its verdant sheen
 In tints resplendent, as the golden hours
 On wings of pleasure floated o'er the land,
 Filling with gladness all its laughing bowers
 Ere the stern ruler waved her ebony wand.—
 But now, she sits upon her cloudy throne
 And sways the sceptre o'er a sleeping world,
 Woods, Hills, and Valleys, all she calls her own,
 While her dark banner waves on high unfurl'd.
 But soon her reign will cease—Aurora's rays
 Banish the night and bring again the glowing days.

HAPPY LAND.

“Happy is England! I could be content
 To see no other verdure than its own;
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
 Through its tall woods, with high romances blent.”

KEATS.

HAPPY Land—I love thee still,
 Tho’ storm and tempest hover o’er thee;
 To me such scenes are far from ill,
 Despite them all I still adore thee.
 The proudest spot that can be found,
 Of earth’s parterre the richest flower,
 Thou shed’st benignant beams around,
 Which cheer in sunshine or in shower.

Happy Land—as o’er thy face
 My mental eye is sweetly glancing,
 Thy loved beatitudes I trace,
 In all their signal bliss advancing.
 The slave’s refuge, the free man’s home,
 Where liberty’s unshackled treasure,
 Hail thy glad sons, where’er they roam,
 To mingle with their scenes of pleasure.

Happy Land—in all thy pride,
 Majestic ’mid the waving ocean,
 While billows wash thy chalky side,
 And roll around in wild commotion;
 Firm in thyself, thou heedest not,
 The swelling waves’ tumultuous roar,
 But calm and tranquil stands each spot,
 Which smiles upon thy blissful shore.

Happy Land—if far from home
 By fortune I am led to wander,
 Far from thy peaceful haunts to roam,
 And o'er some foreign scene to ponder;
 My rising thoughts will turn to thee,
 And view again each feature grand,
 The brightest jewel still to me,
 I hold my native Happy Land.

LASSIE SMILE AGAIN.

TO M——

WHY, lassie, why so dull to-day,
 What makes that heart so sad, I say,
 What evil omen has been here
 To chase the smile and cause a tear?
 The roses from thy cheek have fled,
 And a pale coldness reigns instead,
 Then say what is it gives thee pain?
 Come, quickly tell and smile again!

Alas! no smile that visage wears,
 No rosy blush nor joy appears,
 Those sable locks now hide the face
 Where late they curl'd with such a grace;
 And dull and languid is that eye
 Which used the diamond to outvie;
 What is it then those charms have ta'en?
 Come, quickly tell, and smile again;

Is it because time flies away,
 And for no mortal power will stay ?
 'Tis true the day will soon be o'er,
 And the same day return no more ;
 But then another soon will come
 When Nature's charms again will bloom ;
 Then from those gloomy looks refrain,
 Come, cheer thy heart and smile again.

The shades of night will soon surround,
 No flow'ret bloom upon the ground ;
 The sun will sink behind the hill,
 The dews of eve be damp and chill ;
 The linnet too will leave the thorn,
 But will return again at morn,
 And then resume its wonted strain ;
 So dry those tears and smile again.

What! not a smile, not even now,
 Come say what caused that sullen brow ;
 Sure, sure, those moments you forget
 When ne'er without a smile we met ;
 When rosy smiles were wont to fill
 Between each joke the interval ;
 Come, come ! while hope doth yet remain,
 Cheer up those looks and smile again.

Oh, no ! that visage seems to say
 Those smiles had wings and flew away ;
 Thy head hangs down, thy voice is mute,
 Which used to cheer me as the lute ;
 So for the present I'll depart,
 And let Time mend that broken heart ;
 And when to-morrow glads the plain
 I'll hope to see thee smile again.

LUCINDA'S DREAM,
OR, THE DOUBLE VISION.

♪ **IT** WAS in the beauteous month of May,
When fields were green and flowers were gay;
When roses bloom'd mid brier and thorn,
And chanting birds awoke the morn;
Asleep before the rising beam,
The young Lucinda dream'd a dream.

She thought a castle's ancient pile,
Where *peace and plenty* deign'd to smile,
Before her stood, in all its pride,
With villas spread on either side;
Where fountains play'd amid the green,
To fill with joy the lovely scene;
And bowers luxuriant were there,
Loading the rich ambrosial air
With odoriferous perfume,
As zephyrs fann'd the sparkling bloom;
Which wafted forth their luscious sweets,
To bless those paradise retreats.
In admiration lost awhile,
To view the venerable pile,
Lucinda stood, as mute and still
As statute on its pinnacle;
When lo, a form divinely fair,
With floating vest, and angel air,
And looks which never dream of sorrow,
Approach'd, and seem'd to say good morrow;
The Enchantress wav'd her lily hand,
Lucinda, ready at command,

Obey'd, and hasten'd to her guide,)
 The massy doors flew open wide,)
 Then clos'd again on either side
 By hands invisible, the sound
 Re-echo'd as the portals bound.
 The marble halls they pace along,
 Mid scenes of revelry and song,
 And frescoes hung in phantacies,
 Which vied in splendour with the skies,
 When sol retiring to rest,
 Gilds with his beams the radiant west.
 The winding staircase they ascend,
 Where gleaming light and shadow blend,
 And pass by (sumptuously array'd)
 The halls where sprightly music play'd,
 Till reach'd at length the castle's height,
 Elysium burst upon the sight :
 Far spreading o'er the lovely scene,
 A view of happiness was seen ;
 Fond pleasure danced with lord and hind,
 Led by their queen, sweet peace of mind ;
 While birds of every hue of wing
 Deign'd their merry songs to sing ;
 " Warbling their native wood notes wild,"
 Far as the lovely landscape smil'd.
 Lucinda gazed in extacies,
 To mark the glowing splendours rise,
 From wood and valley, hill and stream,
 Beneath Aurora's gayest beam ;
 Till lost in wrapt astonishment,
 She gave her swelling feelings vent.
 " Oh what a lovely place," she cried,
 " For erring mortals to reside,

Without a care to cross the breast,
 'Mongst all those happy beings blest ;
 Sure, sure amid the landscape fair,
 The land of Paradise lies there."

The fair enchantress then began,
 " Oh think not this the lot of man,
 Without a groan, without a storm,
 The lovely picture to deform ;
 Tho' silent I have been till now,
 And mark'd the bright extatic glow
 Which rose upon thy countenance,
 While scenes of beauty charm'd thy sense ;
 I say tho' music fill thine ears,
 One half this world's a vale of tears,
 Those have not judgment to decide,
 Who only see the brightest side.
 Behold the scene on yonder plain,
 Where *war and desolation* reign,
 Then say if mortals have no woes,
 To mar their dream of blest repose."

At this Lucinda cast her eyes
 Beyond the bound of paradise,
 When suddenly the view was changed,
 In vain her eager vision ranged
 For lovely scenes ; the skies let fall
 A mist, which floated like a pall,
 Then gather'd in one mighty cloud,
 And wrapt Elysium in a shroud.

She turned towards her lovely guide,
 But she had vanish'd from her side—
 The thunders roll'd, the fire-brands flash,
 The war-like engines loudly crash,
 And scenes of death and dark despair,
 Like spectres stalking through the air,

Were seen to glide as meteors fast,
 Sailing athwart the murky blast.
 Still on the castle's utmost height,
 Lucinda stood in wild affright,
 And gazed with horror on the sight. }
 As the broad phalanx spread the land,
 Like shipwrecks scatter'd o'er the strand,
 Anon the gleaming clash of arms,
 Seem'd thundering forth its dire alarms
 With tenfold rage, re-doubling, strong
 The furious war-shout floats along,
 Echoing through the lofty halls,
 As it approach'd the castle walls.
 Dread was the scene, the demon wail
 Made fair Lucinda's heart to quail
 As it rush'd forth, a mighty tide,
 Foul devastation spreading wide.

Once more the furies rais'd a cry,
 Re-echoing through the vaulted sky;
 And firebrands, like lightning hurl'd,
 Were darting o'er a ruin'd world,
 While horrid shrieks around them spread,
 Enough to wake the sleeping dead.
 A demon spirit moved along,
 And seem'd to head the phrensied throng;
 When suddenly they near'd the place,
 The castle tottered to its base;
 Lucinda, starting, gave a scream,
 And woke—bchold 'twas all a dream.
 The sun was shining bright above,
 The birds were singing songs of love,
 And merry May in all its prime,
 Was shedding the sweets of that lovely time.

STANZAS TO SPRING.

THERE is joy in the Earth, there is beauty
 before us,
 Spread round and about in a thousand bright
 ways ;

The voices of gladness in nature's grand chorus,
 Are sending to Heaven their pæans of praise.
 The hum of the bee, the twit twit of the swallow,
 As swiftly she skims over meadows and lake,
 While butterfly beauties in harmony follow,
 And deck in rare splendour the bower and brake.

How rich are the flowers ! wild harebells and daisies,
 Are studded profusely all over the scene ;
 While the slender enemone mingled with craisies,
 Expand their frail blossoms like stars on the green.
 The lark high in æther, on tow'ring pinions,
 Ere scarcely the sun to the flowers gives birth,
 Is spreading sweet music o'er Flora's dominions,
 And adding fresh charms to the beauty of Earth.

Wild harmony gathers like music o'er waters,
 So rich, so delightful o'er mountain and glen ;
 That mortals might fancy 'tis Heaven's fair daughters,
 Rehearsing their strains to the children of men ;
 So varied the sound, so enchanting and thrilling,
 The cadence symphonious that falls on the ear ;
 That one gentle flow Earth and Heaven is filling,
 And crowning with glory the Spring of the year.



IN MEMORIAM.

“Thus where’er I turn my eye,
 Back upon the days gone by,
 Saddening thoughts of friends come o’er me,
 Friends who closed their course before me.”

LONGFELLOW’S *HYPERION*.

FAREWELL to thee, friend of my youth,
 The guide of my earlier years,
 To hear thou art gone, and to find it the truth,
 Brings feelings of sorrow, and tears ;
 Recollections of days that are past,
 And gloomy reflections which rise,
 Rush into the soul like a with’ring blast,
 And sadden the heart as it flies.

Farewell—thou art gone to the grave,
 The church-yard has claim’d thee its guest,
 Thy sorrows are past, and life’s troublesome wave
 With thee has now sunk to its rest :
 E’en the valley, where often thy strains
 Have echoed to mountain and rill,
 Like a slumb’ring talisman quiet remains,
 Since the voice of the sleeper is still.

Farewell—since no more we shall wander
 In bliss o’er those flowery plains,
 No more in ecstatic enjoyments to ponder,
 ’Mid the mazes where poesy reigns.
 Yet their fond reminiscences still
 I hail with a sacred delight,
 And, in sadness, lament that thy talents and skill
 For ever are hid from my sight.

Farewell—but thy memory ever
 Will glow in my mind with delight,
 The scenes of our once endeared friendship will never
 Be mentally hid from my sight.
 The turmoils of earth may surround me,
 The billows of ocean may roll,
 But that mutual tie of affection which bound me,
 Still dwells in the innermost soul.

Farewell—since the chain is now broken
 Which bound us so pleasant on earth,
 But the acts thou hast done, and the words thou hast
 spoken,
 Will often to sorrow give birth.
 The remembrance of joys shared below,
 Will appear when thy works I shall view,
 And cause the sad tear of affection to flow,
 Those raptures of bliss to bedew.

But farewell—may thy spirit that's fled,
 Be bless'd in a happier clime,
 Where sorrow's ne'er known, and tears are not shed,
 In eternity, same as in time.
 May that region where now thou art soaring,
 Be one of transcendent delight;
 And thy spirit, for ever its beauties exploring,
 Be o'erwhelmed in the transport so bright.



THE EVENING HOUR.

"Oft on some evening, sunny, soft, and still,
The muse shall lead thee to the beech-crowned hill
To spend at ease the cool refreshing hour.

* * * * *

Till all the fading picture fail the sight."

GILBERT WHITE.

THE evening clouds are floating by,
So calm, so sweet, so silently ;
Throwing their shade where scarce a breath
Disturbs the down upon the heath ;
Peeping from the mould'ring wall,
The cricket chirps his merry call ;
And all things have their magic power,
In such a lovely evening hour.

Far in the glen, O welcome bird,
The throstle's piping notes are heard ;
While the lark ascending high,
Pours his wild music in the sky.
Reposing in the pastures green,
The ruminating herds are seen ;
And all things have a magic power,
To consecrate the evening hour.

The silvery moth with downy plume,
Is sporting where the flow'rets bloom,
Playing round the blossoms fair,
Whose grateful fragrance fill the air.
Upon the lake where lilies float,
The gnat-fly leaves his tiny boat ;
And all things have their magic power,
To consecrate the evening hour.

How beautiful, how soft and balm,
 Flows forth the breath of evening calm ;
 While Hesper, like a gem on high,
 Peeps from his portal in the sky.
 The sun receding sinks to rest,
 Envelop'd in a crimson vest ;
 And sheds with its elysian power,
 Radiance on the evening hour.

Around the watery margin spread,
 The bulrush lifts its massive head ;
 And willows hang their pendent sprays,
 As if to catch the lingering rays.
 While the soft murmur of the stream,
 Glancing 'neath the fading beam ;
 Gives with all its magic power,
 Blessings to the evening hour.

SONG.

MEET me in the valley glen,
 When hyacinths are springing,
 When pale primroses bloom, and when
 The merry lark is singing ;
 When cuckoo's-meat* looks fresh and sweet,
 And purple violets glisten ;
 Come forth and rove in hawthorn grove,
 And I'll be there to listen.

* Wood Sorrel.

Meet me in the valley glen,
 When Spring's enchanting season,
 Awakes the drowsy sons of men,
 To pleasure and to reason ;
 When all is gay like smiling May,
 And humming-bees are flying,
 Come forth and rove in hawthorn grove,
 And hear the turtle sighing.

Or meet me in the valley glen,
 When Luna's light is gleaming,
 While fays and fairies dance, and when
 The drowsy world is dreaming ;
 The owl shall sing our evening hymn,
 He waiteth there before us ;
 Then haste away, without delay,
 Let's join the merry chorus.

STANZAS.

" I think, as soft and sad I tread
 Above the *venerable dead*,
 Time was like me they life possest,
 And time will be when I shall rest."

PARNELL.

WHO does not love at daylight's close
 To wander in a churchyard green ;
 To linger where the dead repose,
 And meditate upon the scene ;
 While life beats fresh and thoughts are free,
 To commune with eternity ?

To muse o'er life's last cold retreat,
 Our ancestors ! where now are they ?
 The very turf beneath our feet
 We feel is animated clay ;
 And death to all the passing crowd
 Will give at least an earthly shroud.

Vain are our struggles to elude,
 With health or youth for our excuse ;
 For death's cold footsteps will intrude,
 And scorn to sign for us a truce ;
 Yea, oft-times when we feel secure,
 "The monster waiteth at the door."

Those hillocks spread beneath the eye,
 O'er which the thoughtless children play,
 Contain such forms as you, or I,
 Who lived, and moved, and had their day ;
 And you and I, where now we tread,
 Like them must have our narrow bed.

A few more smiling suns may roll,
 To fill our hearts with life and light,
 Ere the departure of the soul
 To other worlds shall take its flight ;
 But soon or late the last decree
 Will join us to eternity.

Oh ! may the last, the final hour,
 Be one of joy, and not of dread ;
 When this great king of mighty power,
 Upon our threshold deigns to tread ;
 That we with our expiring breath,
 May triumph in the hour of death.

THE SUNBEAM.

I SAW it in the Morning,
 In orient lustre glowing,
 When brilliant clouds upon the scene
 Their golden tints were throwing ;
 And when upon the landscape,
 The mighty tempest lowers,
 It peeped in glowing splendour forth,
 Between the fertile showers.

I saw it in the Evening,
 When all was calm and still,
 And pleasantly the lingering rays
 Fell faintly o'er the hill ;
 The little gnat-fly found it,
 And sported o'er the green,
 While all around harmonious
 Was peaceful and serene.

I saw it in the Rainbow
 That spreads across the sky,
 When brilliantly its coloured rays
 Reflected from on high ;
 When on a cloudy pillow,
 Its glories seemed to rest,
 As resplendently it caught each beam
 That issued from the West.

I saw it in the Dewdrop
 That sparkles on the thorn,
 When first Sol's glowing radiance
 Empurpled o'er the morn ;

In many coloured diamonds
 It hung upon each blade,
 And threw its luscious richness
 O'er every opening glade.

I saw it in the Waterfall
 That rushes from on high,
 When dashing from the hollow rocks,
 The spray came floating by ;
 Like brilliants shed in showers,
 They glistened all around,
 And then in quiet peacefulness
 Sank gently to the ground.

And I saw it in the River
 That winds its course along,
 As exquisitely beautiful,
 It fell the whirls among ;
 Yes! with a gentle ripple,
 I saw the Sun's bright beam,
 In purple, gold, and violet,
 Reflected on the stream.

THE VIPER,

(A circumstance which happened in the Valley
 of Horns.)

§ REQUESTER'D in a shady nook,
 While sunbeams round were glowing ;
 We sat us down to read a book,
 While pleasantly the murmuring brook,
 Was through the meadow flowing.

Our dog went rambling through the glade,
 Making with leaves a rustle ;
 When suddenly his course was stayed,
 As something 'neath a bramble shade,
 Seem'd in a mighty bustle.

We hasted from our grassy seat,
 Through violets and daisies ;
 To witness if we could, the feat,
 Of this same thing in its retreat,
 Amid the bramble mazes.

When there, behold a Viper's stare !
 With eyes all wildly flashing,
 Peer'd fiercely from his rooty lair,
 With menaces that seem'd to dare,
 And tail the branches lashing.

And staunch he kept the dog at bay,
 With lion-heart in danger ;
 Determin'd not to be a prey,
 At least, not in an easy way,
 To any woodland ranger.

But there, with jaws both gaping wide ;
 And forked tongue displaying ;
 His strange intruder thus he eyed,
 And swell'd in wrathful coils his pride,
 As we stood by surveying.

At length a sturdy stick we sought,
 And fix'd it o'er his throttle ;
 By this means we the reptile caught,
 Kill'd him, then home his carcase brought,
 And placed it in a bottle.

THE SUMMER STORM.

“ ———— Amid the heavens
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
 Compress’d, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.”

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

THE sky above was a fairy sky,
 And the landscape a fairy scene,
 And the forest leaves as they danced on high
 Were glittering bright and green.
 And the stream below with its murmuring flow,
 Brought thoughts of our pleasant hours;
 When the sparkling earth seem’d fill’d with mirth,
 As we revel’d in spring-tide bowers.

The wild-brier issued a fragrant smell,
 And loaded the perfumed gale;
 The blackbird sang in the fairy dell
 His often repeated tale.
 And the evening clouds, with their amber shrouds
 A golden sunset-throwing,
 From their throne in the west spread a brilliant vest,
 O’er the scenes beneath them glowing.

All was beautiful, all was still,
 And silent as silent could be;
 Save the blackbird’s note, or the murmuring rill,
 And the leaflet on the tree.
 When the herald of light, with his fiery might,
 Sank suddenly down in the ocean,
 And the gath’ring clouds assembled in crowds,
 With a rapid and whirling commotion.

The day-light fled from the magic scene,
 And nature stood aghast;
 The blackbird flew to some cave I ween,
 As the whirlwind approached him fast.
 A few drops of rain on the bending grain,
 And the leaves began to rattle;
 Then a rumbling sound went spreading around,
 Like the noise of some mighty battle.

The blackest shades o'er the heavens spread,
 And the wind it howl'd tremendous,
 The thunder in peals roll'd overhead,
 And shook the forests stupendous;
 While at every crash, the lightning's flash,
 Displaying its mighty powers,
 Threw a gleam of light more than sunshine bright,
 In the depths of the forest bowers.

Long was the combat and loud the storm,
 Which over the landscape beat;
 And sadly it banish'd or changed the form
 Of much that was bright and sweet.
 When the next rising sun its journey begun,
 And peep'd from its Eastern station,
 Half the leaves and the flowers, in hedgerow and
 bowers,
 Lay scatter'd in desolation.



THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.

SOFT I gaze on that calm quiet spot
 With feelings of hallow'd delight,
 Where the noise of the world is forgot,
 And its follies are hid from the sight ;
 While its mould'ring form I survey,
 As round its blest precincts I stroll,
 It appears like a heavenly ray,
 And sheds a new light on the soul ;
 Its graveyard all planted around,
 With willow, and cypress, and birch,
 Give a soft sacred air to the ground
 That encloses the Old Village Church.

When the peal of its organ I hear,
 As calmly the praises arise,
 It comes like a charm on the ear,
 And raises our thoughts to the skies ;
 It warns us at once to awake,
 And for our Great Master prepare—
 The road to His kingdom to take,
 For the time of eternity's near ;
 Or when 'mid its tombstones I wend,
 The mould'ring records to search,
 What thoughts of divinity blend,
 With the scenes of the Old Village Church.

Or, when at its altar we kneel
 The sweet Ebenezer to raise,
 Oh ! where is the heart that don't feel
 The emotion of gratitude's praise ?

When the small voice of conscience is heard,
 To warn us from evil to fly,
 While the preacher proclaims the glad word
 Which leads us to blessings on high.
 With fervour how oft has he pray'd,
 That the scoffer the scriptures might search,
 And no longer his being degrade,
 Or revile at the Old Village Church.

THE SPOT FOR A GRAVE.

“Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.”
 HORACE SMITH.

“Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”
 BEATTIE.

GIVE me a grave where the sunbeams shine,
 Drawing sweets from the brier and rose;
 May the fairest of flow'rets gently entwine,
 O'er the mound where my relics repose.
 Where song birds shall flutter on restless wing,
 And carol their strains o'er my head;
 Aye, loudest and sweetest the robin shall sing
 A requiem over the dead.

O, give me a grave where butterfly wings,
 Are plying in numerous swarms;
 Where emblems of beauty and beautiful things
 Are displaying their heavenly forms.

Where the landscape smiles, and the sky above
 With its clouds of amber and gold,
 Sheds its hallowing beams of light and love,
 O'er my pillow so dreary and cold.

O, give me a grave that is calm and serene,
 With naught to offend the sight ;
 Where over the turf the daisied scene,
 Spreads its delicate blossoms so bright.
 Where the wand'ring bee like an elfen sprite,
 With its fairy-like gems array'd,
 Disporting may frolic in playful delight,
 Where lowly this body is laid.

O, give me a grave where over my tomb
 No yew-tree sways gloomy and cold ;
 But scatter fresh flowers of brightest bloom,
 Like th' half-civilized pagans of old.
 May the sculptures around be light and gay,
 And a scene of rejoicing and love,
 Be spread when the spirit has hasted away,
 To bask in the regions above.

O, give me a grave where pale Cynthia's smile,
 As she looks from her starry throne ;
 When day has receded, may lighten the while
 With that soft silver radiance her own.
 And the twinkling stars like diamonds bright,
 Their hallowing influence shed ;
 Making soothingly sweet, the still visions of night,
 When silently sleepeth the dead.

O, give me a grave where the mourner may come,
 And gaze on it without despair ;
 And say when I'm resting there lifeless and dumb
 This frees us from "sorrow and care."

Nay, while we have breath 'neath a hand so benign,
 May our faith such assurance assume,
 As to feel that at death, there's a spirit divine,
 Which fears not the opening tomb.

Oh ! why should we fear while on earth we stay,
 To enter our darksome abode ?
 To the christian it is but the passage—the way—
 That leads to our heavenly road.
 We are travellers here, but the barrier pass'd,
 We enter on regions all bright,
 Like pilgrims press on and arrive at the last,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

TO THE CUCKOO.

“Cuckoo, shall I call the Bird,
 Or but a wand'ring voice”

WORDSWORTH.

CUCKOO, I can hear thy voice
 So pleasantly the hour beguiling,
 Amid the scene thou dost rejoice,
 With all around thee sweetly smiling ;
 The lark on waving wings upborne
 Twin partner of thy festive pleasure,
 Triumphantly awakes the morn,
 With thrilling notes of rapid measure.

From sunny skies of Africa,
 Thou now hast winged a season's flight,
 To make with us a summer's stay,
 And with its varied charms unite ;
 And fresh must be the shady bower,
 Where thou dost deign to sit and sing ;
 Bedeck'd with many a perfum'd flower,
 For thee to plume thy dainty wing.

A wanderer from Land to Land,
 Thou wingest forth thy airy way ;
 Where Flora decks the pleasant strand,
 And Nightingales pour forth their lay.
 There on the level pastures green,
 Or, in some shady grove profound,
 Thy solitary form is seen,
 Or Cuckoo notes to sweetly sound.

A life of sunshine and of joy,
 Sweet Bird we find thee always spending ;
 And long ere wintry storms annoy.
 Thou back to fairer Climes art wending,
 The howling gale thy wings defy,
 The tempest storm thou dost not fear,
 Thou livest 'neath a brilliant sky,
 For thine is Summer all the year.



WOODLANDS OF FROME.

“Spring still makes spring in the mind
 When sixty years are told ;
 Love wakes anew the throbbing heart,
 And we are never old.”

EMERSON.

NOW sweet were the hours, when, laden with
 gladness,
 Each moment flew by on the wings of delight ;
 When our thoughts wandered free from all
 sorrow and sadness,
 And carelessly revelled in sunshine and light :
 How sweet were the meadows where oft we have
 rambled
 While gayscented flowers were brightest in bloom ;
 As light o'er the daisies we danced and we gambol'd
 Or roved hand in hand round the woodlands of
 Frome.

The lark in the heavens sang never so gaily,
 As when in those halcyon hours we met,
 When nearer and dearer our transports grew daily,
 In hope 'twas a sunshine that never would set.
 Methinks I still hear the low voice of the fountain,
 As it gurgled so soft in the dark leafy gloom,
 Or catch through the branches a glimpse of the
 mountain,
 While sweetly we roved through the woodlands of
 Frome.

Those visions of joy I shall ever remember,—

The soft woodland echo,—the willow-wren's thrill;
And it matters not now, if 'tis May or December,

They dwell in this breast and are dear to me still.
The gold-clouded sunset, the landscape adorning,

Empurples the scene, and past splendours relume;
And I hold it a treasure—night, noontide, or morn-
ning,

To wander in thought through the woodlands of
Frome.

Then hail, fondest memory! nothing seems dearer

Than scenes of the past as they rise into view;
When such radiant visions come nearer and nearer,
To mingle with childhood, with friendship, and you.

Oh! how would I hasten, once more to live over
Such moments of bliss, and their rapture resume;
To be once again a fond courtier, a lover,

And wander in glee through the woodlands of
Frome.

STANZAS TO A LADY GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

WH! why hast thou gather'd those delicate
flowers,

Those earth-born gems of the sod,
Which bloom'd so resplendent 'mid sunshine and
showers

And sprung where the fairies have trod?

Long, long, have they bent to the pitiless breeze,
 Or smiled 'neath the sunbeams so bright,
 On the upland unshaded by sheltering trees
 Have they bath'd in the fountain of light.

Regardless alike of the wind or the storm,
 Long, long, have they studded the plain
 Where, pure as the zephyr, each elegant form
 Has attracted the butterfly train;
 But their beauties are fading, their redolent sweet,
 No more will the honey-bee prize,
 For he wanders abroad fresher flowers to greet,
 And wide o'er the landscape he flies.

Then, why hast thou gather'd those delicate flowers,
 Which lately were blooming so gay,
 Since torn from their verdure a very few hours
 Will waft all their glories away?
 Thy fingers at once, like a wint'ry blast,
 Nipt them down as the stems thou did'st sever,
 Then gazed on the prize a few moments to last,
 And gone are their beauties for ever.

Oh! be not so rash, as they bloom in the way
 To heedlessly snatch them in haste,
 But let each rich flower its petals display,
 As it spreads with such beauty and taste;
 Perhaps, thou wilt say, they were "blushing unseen,"
 As they studded the emerald sod;
 No, believe me, fair lady, each one on the green
 Is preserved by its maker—God.



THE MOTHER AT HER INFANT'S GRAVE.

"—thou in whom
 Some bright spirit lived ; and did
 That decaying robe consume
 Which its lustre faintly hid.
 Here its ashes find a tomb ;
 But beneath this pyramid
 Thou art not. If a thing divine
 Like thee can die ;—thy funeral shrine
 Is thy father's grief and mine."

SHELLEY.

SLEEP on mysterious being of our sighs,
 Without a pang enjoy thy silent rest,
 Till the last trump shall warn the dead to rise
 And take their flight to regions in the skies
 To share above, the triumphs of the blest.

Like a frail flower nipped within its birth,
 Tender and green,—we saw thee fade away,
 No more to mingle with the scenes of earth ;
 Soon hast thou filled the measure of thy mirth,
 To rest within this narrow bed of clay.

Much we deplore thy loss, whose very name
 Like incense breathes on memory's balmy wings ;
 Source of our joy, our happiness and aim,
 To watch thy dawn, and raise that tender frame,
 Around whose corse our last affection clings.


Much we deplore thee, yet why is it so ?
 Man is a fragile being of a breath,
 Whose thorny road of ignorance and woe,
 Fills the strange cycle of his fate below
 With sighs and tears, which quickly end in death.

Then sleep sweet babe, thy sorrows are all past ;
 From earth thy risen sun has early set.
 Though like a flower nipped by withering blast,
 Thine infant destiny so soon is cast,
 In the next world we hope to meet thee yet.

And there enjoy with the angelic throng
 The radiant glories of that hallowed sphere,
 Where neither sin nor sickness do belong,
 But mingle all in one celestial song,
 When we have left the scenes of sorrow here.

TO THE BRAMBLE.

“Thy fruit fullwell each schoolboy knows
 Wild Bramble of the Brake.”—ELLIOTT.

GAIN I gaze upon thy shape, “Wild Bramble
 of the Brake,”
 And many a pleasant feeling doth thy mazes
 now awake,
 Of mossy grove, or sunny glade, and scenes fresh
 blossoming,
 When the spirits bounding high proclaim'd that life
 was in its spring.
 Methinks the little wood-wren's chant still tinkles
 on mine ear,
 With many a thrill of melody as musical and clear,
 An when in boyhood's happy days, I spent the sunny
 hours,
 Is gleaning from thy tangled brakes the varied ferns
 and flowers.

The dove aloft with sad coo, coo, sent forth its plaintive note,
 Responsive to the sweeter sound of many a feather'd throat ;
 Which scatter'd life and gladness, through the high and verdant glade,
 As pleasantly amid the trees the trembling sunbeams play'd.

And insects with their painted wings around thy blossoms bright,
 Were searching for the nectar there, and sporting with delight ;
 Like waving bands of fairy forms in yellow, gold, and green,
 Which seem'd to fill the very air and animate the scene.

The genial coppice softly breath'd in one continual glow,
 With life, and light, and beauty, around, above, below,
 As sweetly spread thy petals out before the blaze of day,
 Not gardens of an Eastern clime could look more bright and gay.

And memory o'er that pleasant time her glance will often fling,
 And with it, fond endearments and associations bring ;
 Which fill the heart with rapture, while such visions sweet remain,
 That we in silent ecstacy live o'er that time again.

But Autumn's suns are waning fast, and tho' the
 scene is changed,
 Since o'er thy tangled mazes with a youthful heart
 we ranged ;
 A secret pleasure fills us as upon thee now we gaze,
 Much calmer and serene than those we felt in earlier
 days.

The leaves are falling round thee now, all wither'd,
 red, and sear,
 Tho' thine as bright as ever with their glossy green
 appear ;
 But the snow-white blossom on thy spray no longer
 can we view,
 They now are turn'd to burnish'd studs of quite
 another hue.

And children in their pastime with a light and joy-
 ous air,
 Are gathering those ebon studs to taste the dainty
 fare ;
 How gaily do they frisk about, alert with fun and
 glee,
 Not angels are more happy than such creatures seem
 to be.

But the chilling winds of winter soon will chase
 thy sweets away,
 And tempests o'er thy wither'd boughs will bear a
 ruthless sway ;
 The storm-cloud in its fury burst, and o'er the ruins
 beat,
 Or unfold its fleecy robe of snow to be the winding
 sheet.

Sad thought, to think that such a scene, which now
 in beauty lies,
 Resplendently beneath the beam of Autumn's mellow
 skies,
 Will soon be laid all prostrate round, nor noise of
 birds or bees,
 Send forth a chant or symphony, amid the leafless
 trees.

Yet let us not in sad lament bewail the fearful doom,
 For soon another sun will shine, another Spring will
 bloom ;
 The God of Nature o'er the land again bright
 blessings shed,
 And life, and light, and beauty, then resuscitate the
 dead.

SONNET.

“ The meek-eyed morn appears.”

THE morning breaks, rich streaks of amber
 light
 Across the heavens in orient lustre rise ;
 The sun ascends his pathway in the skies,
 While hills and valleys gladden at the sight ;
 With many a cheerful sound the wood resounds,
 From warbling choristers who chant a lay,
 At early dawn more lively and more gay,
 Than when the busy hum of turmoil sounds
 Its dullness on the ear,—soft dimpling rills,
 Now glitter in the sunbeams bright and clear,
 The pearly dewdrops on the sprays appear ;
 While pleasure dancing on a thousand hills,
 At nature's feast, rejoices on each side,
 As the bright sun spreads forth his circle wide.

THE HOLLOW TREE.*

“Time was when thou wert chieftain of the woods;
And time has made thee, what thou art—a cave.”

COWPER.

THERE is a tree hard by a neighbouring wood,
 Where the sleek magpie builds her airy nest,
 And chatters to the passenger who wends
 Unconsciously beneath the sombre shade,
 Held sacred by the bird. There, on a knoll
 One hundred paces from the greenwood side,
 It stretches forth its gnarled boughs to heaven,
 As if in haste to catch the sunny ray,
 Or brave the fury of the passing storm;
 And to the distant eye it looks as fair—
 Clothed in the garb of its green canopy
 And waving nobly in the genial breeze—
 As any of its fellows; but draw nigh,
 Test, if you can, whence all these branches spring
 And soon the hidden secret is revealed;
 Like many things which glitter on the earth,
 Lovely it seems and “fair to look upon,”
 As erst it did some generations back;
 But draw the verdant mantle as a mask,
 And soon the eye perceives a gnarled shell
 Mouldered and rotten to its very core.
 This aged tree, gigantic in its ruin,
 Stretching its withered limbs far o’er the land,
 Perchance was held some centuries ago,

* The splendid remains of a tree of this kind may still be seen standing in the farmyard of Mr. Aldridge, at the Slad, near Stroud.

Ere it was pierced by subtle woodpecker,
 As monarch of the forest; aye, mayhap
 The trysting tree which many a youthful maid
 Sought in the pride of blushing loveliness,
 And marked the rude cut letters; but the tale
 Which time now tells shows plainly to us all
 The mutability of things beneath the sun.
 The letters which our ancestors beheld
 Now long since hid by root of creeping moss,
 Or changed to hieroglyphics none can read,
 May hold the selfsame place; but where are they
 Who sought them? long since passed away from earth.
 Now a mere hollow trunk, it stands alone,
 A remnant of what has been, thickly spread
 A pile of bark and branches—waiting now
 For some rude blast or raging hurricane
 To sweep it from the earth, where soon to dust
 Its mouldering relics will but feed the winds,
 As they disperse its atoms o'er the world;
 And the same spot where it for ages stood
 Discard it, ('tis the universal law)
 To know no more for ever where it grew.

STANZAS.

“ See the fading many coloured woods
 Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun
 Of every hue.”

THOMPSON.

THE soft winds of Summer are flying away,
 Like the hart on the mountain when chased
 by the foe;
 And the curlclouds of Autumn hang misty and grey;
 Spreading sadness and silence wherever they go.

The forests are tipt with bright amber and gold,
 Where late they were dressed in their richest array ;
 The grass-covered mountain lies barren and cold,
 And the last blushing flower is nigh gone to decay.

The robin scarce twitters, the skylark is mute ;
 The swallow departed is not to be found ;
 A change has come over both mortal and brute,
 As in reverie dreamlike he gazes around.

Like an Indian summer a haziness spreads,
 Its giant-like wings over coppice and glade ;
 While the mountains afar hide their towering heads,
 And sink like the rest in the slumb'ring shade.

Yet, the bright sunny side we shall witness again,
 As Time in his flight wheels his chariot along ;
 The flowers be studded on mountain and plain,
 And the woodlands re-echo with gladness and song.

The Spring with its blossoms, new scenes will
 impart,
 And redolent beauty again will appear ;
 Bringing sunshine and joy for the eye and the heart ;
 Of those who may witness the next coming year.

Fear not then the present, throw off your despair,
 Behind the dark cloud lies the "mansion of
 light"—
 The future will meet you, for that have a care,
 And our pathway though clouded again will be
 bright.



A LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

“——— yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told our infant years,
 Than lies upon the truth we live to learn.”
 COLERIDGE.

THESE is a Vale ; a fine romantic vale,
 Winding along in many a devious bend
 Between its native ramparts, rocky hills
 Which frown in awful grandeur o’er the dale,
 And chronicled in books of ancient love,
 With the enchanting name of Golden Valley.
 There the sun lingers with his parting rays,
 Lighting the verdure of the mossy woods ;
 Where the green tendril of the eglantine
 Like a fond mother stretches forth its arms
 A sheltering screen for many a happy nest ;
 A crystal streamlet like a glassy zone
 Adorns the middle of that lovely vale,
 Fed by the springs from many a deep ravine,
 Or from its mighty source “Old Father Thames,”
 Which after gliding many winding miles
 Through darkest caverns, tunnels, and green dells,
 Breaks out in splendour o’er the cheering scene.

A little higher on a grassy knoll
 Stands what we always love to doat upon,
 High-pinnacled the gray old Village Church,
 With many shatter’d relics strewn around,
 Which the all conquering fingers of Old Time
 Has mark’d as victims of oblivion,
 Soon to be cast afloat on Lethe’s stream ;

High titles have nigh vanish'd at his touch,
 And quickly will to mould'ring dust return,
 Never again to be remember'd here ;
 In the calm centre of its graveyard, stand
 Four aged YEWS, whose intertwining arms,
 (Like lovers after absence when they meet
 Embracing with a soft and fond delight),
 O'er-canopy the gravel'd path below,
 Spreading their ancient branches far and wide
 A shelter from the sunshine or the storm.
 Thither the aged matron will repair,
 When the calm summer's eve is soft and balm ;
 To ponder o'er in contemplation's hour
 The blest remains of friend or relative,
 Which slumber there unconscious as the sod
 That covers o'er their cold and rotting bones.

And should a passing stranger turn that way,
 To watch tired Phœbus fading in the west,
 And dwell enrapt at the enamour'd scene,
 The ancient legend is brought forth again ;
 About a youth who dwelt upon these hills,
 And " whistled as he went for want of thought,"
 As happy and as harmless as the dove,
 Till his ear caught, one summer's afternoon,
 The voice of some wild fugitive, who told
 Of battles and the way to endless fame,
 How Heroes with their deeds of arms had spread
 Their conquering triumphs over other lands,
 And gained renown with all its golden charms.
 The youth he listen'd with intensest ear,
 And mark'd the glories of the stranger's tale,
 Such as he had not heard or dreamt before ;
 His youthful blood ran swiftly through his veins,

In warmer flow whilst eagerly he listen'd
 To hear about the cannon's thund'ring sound,
 Of standards waving from the fortress top,
 And flashing swords high gleaming in the light,
 Like meteors dancing in the shades of even.

The youth was stricken, he could not withstand
 The subtle wiles of this mad fugitive,
 But like the hart for liberty that pants,
 Resolved at once to leave his fleecy flocks,
 No more to till in peace his native soil,
 Or, mock the skylark in its early song,
 But off with valiant heroes he would go
 Seek the proud laurel wreath, and get his name
 Engraven on the tablets of renown.

In vain remonstrance with its soothing voice
 Flow'd from the bosom of maternal love,
 Or weeping maidens, with an artless tale,
 In tenderness clung round that sturdy form,
 (Fast growing into manhood hale and strong)
 Could wean him from his warlike destiny,
 The bright success of battle was his theme,
 It haunted him in visions of the night
 And broke the quiet stillness of his slumber ;
 Restless and changed he wander'd o'er the scene
 The happiest of his days, but now alas !
 Determined to ascend the steps of fame
 His day dreams were of glory and renown.

At length the morn of his departure came,
 The sun was up with ruddy glow, the birds
 Were singing sweetly in the beechen woods,
 And all seem'd merry in that happy vale,
 Save the sad friends of this ill-fated youth,
 Who spread a gloom which lasted for a time,
 And checked the flowing of their wonted joy.

He went, he hasted, to the fields of fight,
 He shouted when he saw the banners wave,
 And turn'd a human butcher all for glory ;
 Warriors they flatter'd with a serpent's charm,
 Comrades rejoiced to mark his manly frame,
 And all things wore that supernatural glow
 For which in secret he so oft had sighed.
 Time pass'd along, he cross'd the stormy seas,
 Dreamt about fame upon the heaving waves,
 And fought with lion-heart in foreign lands,
 He saw towns sack'd, and villages destroy'd,
 The flag in shreds by "bullet and by breeze,"
 Bars, bolts, and bastions scatter'd to the wind.
 And war's destruction in its direst forms.
 Full many a mighty stronghold crush'd and spoil'd
 Beneath the feet of hostile war was left
 To moulder into ruin desolate ;
 The seasons roll'd along, his natal place,
 With all the beauties of its rural charms
 Had nearly vanish'd from his memory,
 Till after many years of wand'ring spent
 With warlike might "in battle and the storm,"
 His spirit sank within him, and he cried,
 As calm reflection settled o'er his soul,
 And he began to weaken day by day :

"Is this the thing that men call fame and glory ?
 For this did I forsake the verdant glade,
 When peace and pleasure spread their gentle wings
 While I a ploughboy whistled o'er the land ?
 For this did I forbid the rising tear,
 The secret sighs of friend and relative,
 Who strove to turn my hasty steps aside ?
 The distaff thrown away, the eye too dim

On my behalf to follow at its task,
 Through the impetuous current of my veins?
 My comrades, many generous and brave,
 Have fighting fell and died in foreign lands,
 And now lie rotting for the vulture's ken,
 Who scents afar the blood-stain'd fields of fight,
 Rejoices at a banquet of the dead,
 And triumphs o'er the sanguinary plain.
 And I too soon must follow, soon must drink
 Life's bitter cup unheeded and unsought,
 No more to struggle with its billowy waves
 Like a lost wreck upon a stormy sea."

His plume hung trembling o'er his wither'd brow
 Like to the date-leaf in its languishment.
 When the hot sun pours forth a burning ray,
 Then as the ivy clings around the oak,
 His thoughts returning to his distant land
 Entwined themselves around his native vale.
 He thought upon beloved friends afar,
 Of paper boats upon the silent stream,
 The garlands of wild flowers he had woven
 While wand'ring in the sunlit glens of home,
 And all the happy hours he had pass'd
 While infancy was playing its career;

The captain of the troop had mark'd the change,
 And sought to learn the mystery of its cause;
 In vain the clash of arms, or sound of drum
 Could brighten up his features as of yore
 To face the rampart with a steady aim.
 The flattery of fame had pass'd away,
 And his red blood which once ran high to hear,
 Now curdled at the name of victory;
 No more to wield the sword with giant grasp,
 And glory in the devastating slaughter,

His inward thoughts were heavy, as one day
Wrapt in his deep, soliloquys, he sigh'd :

“ Oh could I see my native land once more,
Back would I flee and die at home at last,
My peaceful vale should close my earthly scene,
And throstles sing a requiem o'er my grave ! ”

His captain heard the sigh, the plaintive moan
Sunk deep into his heart, for tho' a man
Brought up to actions of a warlike kind,
Yet he had finer feelings which would melt
In sympathetic tears at tales of woe ;
He raised the soldier, now grown weak and wan,
(Tho' prematurely, not through length of years)
Ordered a faithful record of his wants,
And gave him forth a free and full discharge,
Thus did our hero with a sunken brow
Forego the joys of visionary fame,
Once more return to see his native land,
His lion-spirit temper'd to a lamb.

The joyous beams of summer had nigh fled,
And Autumn's yellow leaf come waning on,
As he approach'd with feeble step and slow,
The narrow confines of his Golden Valley,
Alas ! to him how changed ; the merry hum
Which cheer'd his youthful frame in days gone by
Now filled him with a sad despondency,
His heart grew sick, and fainted when he saw,
Like a dim dream the church's gilded vane
Burst on the vision of his aching sight ;
He rallied, and in weakness reach'd the spot,
And heard, or thought he heard, the preacher's
voice

Again proclaim the sentence he had learned
That “ man is born to trouble,” down he sank

O'erpower'd with the tumult of his brain,
 His eyes roll'd dizzy o'er the fading scene
 Where once he mark'd with joy the self-same sun
 End its bright glories in the ruddy west.
 Some children flock'd around him, but he found
 He was a stranger in his native home ;
 Enquiries were vain, none knew his sires,
 But wond'ring stood to mark his wasted form ;
 The playmates of his youthful days had fled,
 Since he had shared the rustic sports among them
 The scene had changed, and his despairing sires
 Had pass'd the portals to eternity,—
 Long had they lain within the hallow'd ground,
 And he was resting on their quiet graves
 Too soon to slumber with them ; these four YEWS
 Where he had frolick'd oft in infant years
 Now formed his winding sheet ; for down he lay,
 While death, like a soft opiate o'er him stole,
 And led his spirit to the realms of peace.

Thus would the matron or the aged man,
 Relate in tender strain the woes of him
 Who calmly sleeps beneath these aged trees.
 The valley still remains lovely as then,
 And peaceful as the slumbers of a dove,
 Save when the thunder of a modern train
 With giant steam-breath shakes the wond'ring earth,
 And wakes an echo in its golden dells.

The Golden Valley of Sapperton, near Stroud, is admired by most travellers for the picturesque beauty of its scenery, and the touching legend connected with it gives an additional interest to the scene.



THE YOUNG FLORISTS.

ONE evening as two children were
 Wandering round their gay parterre,
 Spending as they were wont the hours
 Among their shrubs and favorite flowers,
 Viewing and lauding all the best,
 When one the other thus address'd :
 " Well now suppose we make a rule
 When we have leisure from our school,
 As all our flowers want much attending,
 Our time among them to be spending ;
 And each one keep his separate sort,
 To weed and trim them as he ought :
 So now at once your choice you make,
 Say, which department you will take."
 " Well," said the younger, " I dont care
 Which of the sorts shall be my share,"
 So viewing all the garden round,
 And pacing o'er the gravel'd ground ;
 A bed of pansies fill'd the middle,
 Cried he " I'll mind my *love-and-idle*."
 " Well," said the other, " if you do,
 I'll look after my *tulips* too."
 When just as they had said the word,
 The parent, who had overheard
 What these two youngsters were about,
 In accents gentle thus spoke out :
 " Then I suppose by what I hear,
 You'll spoil fruit garden and parterre ;
 For the *two-lip* minder I presume
 Will take both apple pear and plumb—

Nay, I suppose he means to eat
 Of every dainty he can get;
 Therefore, if that is his pursuit,
 He soon will rid us of our fruit.
 And the other, I think I heard him say,
 Will *love and idle* his time away ;
 So that the flowers will soon be dead,
 And Weeds will fill their place instead.
 "No, no!" exclaimed the younger brother,
 "Why surely you mistake us mother :
 The *two-lips* are the favorite flowers,
 O'er which he means to spend his hours ;
 While *love-and-idle*, just the same,
 Is but a different floweret's name." "
 "Indeed," she cried, "why then I say
 Pray go to work, and work all day ;
 If that's the case I've nought to fear,
 So go and tend your gay parterre."

CONTRITION, WRITTEN TO LAURA.

WH how shall I in future years
 Enjoy the cherish'd vow,
 Nay look upon these falling tears,
 And breathe forgiveness now :
 I meant not to destroy your rest,
 Or spoil love's hallow'd charm ;
 The deed I thought was for the best,
 Remote from any harm.

I only breath'd a simple strain
 Which love had taught to me,
 Unconscious of its bringing pain
 Or injury to thee ;
 And for an error I have made,
 My plighted vows you spurn,
 My penitence you sore upbraid,
 And from my pleadings turn.

But stay that frown, be not so rash,
 For wrong o'ertakes us all,
 And let not passion like thy sash,
 Thy troubled breast enthrall ;
 It is a weakness in thy sex,
 At trifles to enrage,
 And if but once we chance to vex,
 Naught will your care assuage.

Thus I, who meant not to disturb
 That placid breast of thine,
 Because I spoke nor knew my curb,
 You deem it quite a crime ;
 But heed not now that simple strain,
 Its folly cast aside,
 Let's blend our kisses once again
 And love shall be our guide.



IMPROMPTU LINES TO AUTUMN.

“ * * autumn, nodding o’er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on.”

THOMSON.

AGAIN the sombre tints disclose
The fast declining year;
The drooping lily and the rose
With wither’d looks appear.
Brown Autumn spreads our flowery beds,
In wild destruction riven;
And the chilling breeze sweeps through the trees,
By showering tempests driven.

The robin leaves his forest home,
His happy summer’s seat,
And round our humble dwelling comes,
Our welcome smiles to meet.
The cuckoo’s voice no more can please,
Since he has ta’en his flight;
And the scenes once fair, by storms laid bare,
No longer yield delight.

Yet there are charms in Autumn scenes
Which very few deny:
The landscape with its varied greens;
The brilliant painted sky,
With streaks of gold rich tints unfold,
In colours bright and clear;
While dew-drops lend their hues to blend,
The prettiest in the year.

Then whisper not, as Autumn fades
 Upon the mountains bare,
 No beauties now possess her glades,
 Or fond attractions there ;
 Behold each day in rich array,
 The changing scene's a treat,
 While leaves around bestrew the ground,
 A carpet for your feet.

STANZAS.

NOW solemn and how pleasantly the pealing
 Sabbath-chimes,
 Elate the humble Christian in those blest
 and hallow'd times ;
 When his worldly cares are ended and he seeks
 refreshing rest,
 To pour forth his "night and morning vows" and
 mingle with the blest.

Their silver sounding voice proclaims the appointed
 hour for prayer,
 When many a bow'd and weary heart disburdens all
 its care ;
 We mark the human countenance more placid at
 such times,
 And e'en nature seems more cheerful 'neath the
 merry sounding chimes.

What sweet reverberations fill the cool and cheering
 breeze,
 As it rolls from pointed spire soft as wave of summer
 seas ;

Its gentle undulations come so musical and grand,
In motion like to fields of corn by playful zephyrs
fann'd.

Then if to earthly mortals such delightful sounds
are given,
Oh ! what will be the glories if perchance we meet
in Heaven !
And list enrapt with seraphs to the music of the
spheres,
Throughout a vast eternity of never-ending years.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

“ FAREWELL ! ” I hear that bitter sound,
It lingers on mine ear,
And rouses up those tender thoughts
That hurry forth a tear.
How many kindred sympathies,
Around that word still dwell ;
It almost drives us to despair
To hear the last “ *Farewell.* ”

“ Farewell ! ” — it strikes upon the mind,
Like a rude and with'ring blast,
And crushes all our future hopes,
Or saddens what has past ;
It breathes a shudder through the veins,
Which those alone can tell
Who sadly have responded to
The parting word — “ *Farewell.* ”

“ Farewell ! ” she cried, in accent wild,
 As “ Orphan of the Storm,”
 When last with sad and tearful eye
 I saw that angel form.
 Farewell ! to foreign climes I go—
 In other lands to dwell,
 And bid my old companions dear
 A long—and—“ *Last Farewell.* ”

“ Farewell ! ” we ne’er may meet again
 On this terrestrial scene,
 Soon will the stormy billows roll
 Our panting hearts between ;
 I go where Fate has driven me,
 Submissive to her spell,
 And bid my kindred—friends or foes,
 With aching heart—“ *Farewell.* ”

“ Farewell ! ” I hear it echo still
 Amid my moments bright,
 Or when repose and silence bring
 The visions of the Night ;
 At every turn, at every step,
 ’Tis like a passing knell,
 And breaks my inward peace to hear
 That plaintive sound—“ *Farewell.* ”



THE DISPUTE.

♪ **T**WAS in the Autumn of the year,
 When forest leaves looked red and sear,
 Or severed from their native trees,
 Seem'd animated by the breeze,
 Which swept them off from bush or spray,
 And spread them rustling on the way ;—
 At such a time, each with a load,
 Six travellers upon the road
 Were jogging merrily along,
 And chaunting forth a rustic song ;
 When near a hedge-row, as they passed,
 Unscathed by hurricane or blast,
 A climbing plant* had spread the row,
 And covered it like mantling snow,—
 Presenting to the passing sight,
 A hedge bedeck'd with feathers white.
 The travellers stood to view the same,
 When each pronounced a different name,
 And straightway fell into dispute,
 About its blossom and its fruit.
 One said though it ne'er bore a flower,
 'Twas always called the *Virgin's Bower*.
 Another said that he had heard
 The people call it *Old Man's Beard*.
 The third remembered when a child,
 It then was called *Clematis Wild*.
 The fourth, not wishing to annoy,
 Assured them 'twas the *Traveller's Joy*.

* *Clematis Vitalba*.

The fifth the others overhauled,
 And said it was the *Bindwith* called.
 While the sixth said 'twas all a lie,
 For it was *Common Honesty*;
 So what with wrangling and disputing,
 About its blossoming and shooting,
 They all agreed, both great and small,
 It had no real name at all.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

♪ **T**HIS the fall of the leaf, what a beautiful sight,
 To the poet or painter it yieldeth delight,
 As the foliage in showers is swept from the
 trees

By the quivering breath of the eddying breeze.
 Now mounted aloft how majestic they fly,
 Thick as snowflakes that whirl 'neath a wintry sky ;
 Now bending to earth, quick as thought they are
 seen
 Descending in myriads to carpet the green.

How changed are the scenes of each dingle and
 glade !

With what beautiful tints are the forests arrayed,
 As nature is silently spreading her wand,
 To mingle such beauty all over the land.
 The foliage in various colours is spread
 In yellow, and purple, and amber, and red,
 So rich and resplendent the woodlands appear,
 They rival in grandeur the rest of the year.

But the flowers are vanishing fast from the eye,
 Like the leaves of the forest they wither and die,
 And the breast of the mountain lies barren and bare,
 Where lately with perfume they loaded the air.
 A breeze from the north has passed over the scene,
 Sweeping blossom and bud from the emerald green ;
 So fragile and brief are the flowers which bloom,
 And find in the breath of the tempest a tomb.

Yet all are not gone ; in the vale we descry
 A few that still smile beneath Autumn's gay sky,
 Giving richness and zest to the meadows there spread,
 When the rest of their tribes from the mountains
 have fled.

So let us enjoy the fair scenes which remain,
 E'er winter makes desolate valley and plain ;
 Delighting to rove in a season so brief,
 And witness in transport the fall of the leaf.

LINES SUGGESTED BY VIEWING THE ROMAN PAVEMENT AT WOODCHESTER.

BEHOLD what wonders now delight our eyes,
 As here we view the scenes of ancient days,
 Presenting forms which fill us with surprise,
 As with fond curiosity we gaze ;
 The pile is razed, but spite of spoil's bereavement,
 Time has still spared the Tessellated Pavement.

How have thy figures stood the lapse of ages,
 Buried in mould'ring rubbish, damp, and mute,
 Yet here we see old Orpheus* still engages
 To touch the lyre and charm the savage brute ;
 While names of Claudius Cæsar, and of Titus,
 Associated with thee, still excite us.

Perchance upon this venerable floor,
 With dance and song they join'd the festive round,
 Perhaps the horrid deeds they plan'd of yore,
 These stones have oft been witness to the sound ;
 And could they but cry out, a tale would bring,
 Which Orpheus himself would fail to sing.

But here thou art in colours bright as ever,
 Tho' heroes which once lived have pass'd away,
 Still thou remain'st to shew they were as clever
 In works of art, as in our later day ;
 Yet as we strive to read thine ancient history,
 One half we find is still involved in mystery.

Empires have moulder'd, states been lost and won,
 Since thy proud monarchs trod this fairy scene,
 Thy columns too and monuments are gone,
 Thy floor alone can tell us what has been ;
 We gaze through thee at centuries gone by,
 And mark at once thine earthly destiny.

(Oh ! would some spirit hov'ring near the spot,
 Rehearse in flowing strains the by-gone story,
 How warriors moved, what sacrilege was wrought,
 To gain an empty name of fame and glory ;
 But no, these relics, scrolls, crests, figures all,
 Soon will oblivion close within its pall.

* The representation of Orpheus surrounded by a circle of animals, with several other figures, is still visible in this splendid relic of ancient art.

RETROSPECTION.

“To weep afresh a long since cancell’d woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish’d sight.”
SHAKESPEARE’S SONNETS.

DAY has departed, I with melancholy
Sat brooding with the owl scenes of night,
Invoking by-past hours (which some call folly),
And calling up full “many a vanish’d sight.”

Years have departed, aye and many years,
Which have in memory’s chambers lain asleep ;
Now rise before me with their smiles and tears,
And cause again those wakeful lids to weep.

But this is pleasant weeping, as I gaze
My inward feelings through them will rejoice ;
As the long vista of departed days
Comes rising with a slow and solemn voice.

The canvass spreads, and childhood’s infant pleasures
In flowery groups stand out in bold relief ;
While scenes around them which the dim eye
measures,
Like to the swallows’ flight pass’d off as brief.

Garlands are there, but stems and wither’d roses
Protrude their rankling thorns amid the scene ;
Tho’ here and there fond memory discloses,
Like stars in twilight, tufts of living green.

And sparkling fountains in the distance gleam,
Invoking many a ray of by-gone glory ;
When paper boats went gliding on the stream,
Tho’ now the distance makes it dim and hoary.

Still they are there, and sports of kindred natures,
 Rise in the scene as amber clouds at dawn,
 Presenting to the mind the varied features
 Which most have witness'd in life's happy morn.

And most have found as brief to fade and vanish,
 Ere their young hearts could grapple with the
 prize ;
 Too eager in pursuit the charm they banish,
 As wint'ry storms the glory of the skies.

But tho' such sights and sounds have nearly faded,
 There is a mellow radiance left behind,
 Which seems like some great painting to have shaded
 In soften'd tints its richness on the mind.

And further on the youth as student muses,
 Racking his brains with academic lore ;
 First Plato, or old Homer next he chooses,
 And reads with lip on finger as of yore.

But Homer long has lain upon the shelf,
 With many a singing bard of "Greece and Rome,"
 Since their achievements proved to us a delph,
 Of never-failing charms to cheer our home.

And many a tale of Odin's runic rhyme
 Sung to the winds, still lingers on the ear ;
 Tho' they are nigh forgotten since the time
 They in their brightest glory did appear.

For years have changed the Spring's excited feelings,
 To mellow Autumn's cool and sober tone ;
 Since on the ear fond fables,—new revealings,
 Burst with a glowing splendour all their own.

But far from moping sadness at the change,
 Well pleased I now behold the village green ;
 When we in early days were wont to range,
 Or frolic in full many a festive scene.

And knowing well that all around decays, °
 Or changes with the years its primal story ;
 I linger oft to bless our early days,
 And live again in boyhood youthful glory.

SONNET.

ON LIBERATING A CAPTIVE BIRD.

“The fetters break, unbind the chain,
 And give him to the skies again.”

MINSTRELSY OF THE WOODS.

GO where the hills are tipped with morning
 gold—
 Go where the beds of flowers richest bloom—
 Go where the woods their glossy leaves unfold,
 Or where the acacia lends its sweet perfume,
 And then again thy wonted notes resume.
 Then pretty warbler of the plaintive strain,
 May freedom's wing release thee from thy doom,
 Ne'er to be bound in slavery again.
 And when amid thine own elysian bowers,
 While summer sunbeams warm the scenes around,
 Melodious still may thy sweet voice be found,
 As pleasure listens to the laughing hours,
 Spreading the mellow cadence soft and sweet,
 Where'er thy wings have found a safe retreat.

FAREWELL TO RURAL JOYS.

FAREWELL ye wild romantic seats,
 Ye rustic joys farewell,
 But oft of your beloved retreats,
 Fond memory shall tell ;
 Oft shall her pleasing tender strain,
 Revive this breast tho' fraught with pain.

Farewell each fond endearing scene,
 Each gay and giddy sport,
 No more to dances on the green
 Again shall I resort—
 Ye valued joys that once were mine,
 To other hearts I now resign.

No more along the flowery dell
 My wandering feet shall stray,
 No more these gazing eyes shall dwell
 On woodland scenes so gay ;
 Scenes that once pleas'd me to explore,
 Perchance I shall behold no more.

No more again at evening's close,
 I wander o'er the hill,
 Or seek the crystal brook that flows,
 To turn yon distant wheel ;
 But soft remembrance oft shall tell,
 Of joys that I have bid farewell,

No more for me the rising sun,
 Shall gild the verdant plain,
 No more I tread as I have done,
 The dew blade o'er again ;
 The sun perhaps the dews may chase,
 When I am banished from the place.

The gloaming too may spread her veil,
 Upon the landscape gay,
 Or Philomela tell her tale,
 When I am far away ;
 Others perhaps these joys may see,
 But now no more they live for me.

COMPANIONS OF MY EARLY DAYS.

COMPANIONS of my early days, a long, a last
 adieu,
 How frequent has the secret thought gone forth
 to follow you,
 As pensively I've ranged the fields where we were
 wont to roam,
 Ere the world's engaging scenes usurp'd the charms
 of early home.

Companions of my early days, where are ye scattered
 now ?
 Like swallows o'er this little earth in varied ways,
 I trow,
 And some, perchance, beneath its crust have found
 a narrow bed ;
 I've wept o'er such, but "tears will not resuscitate
 the dead."

Companions of my early days, how many a rolling
 year
 Has glided by in silence since we held communion
 dear!
 How many a trembling orison has followed in your
 flight,
 Since with a tearful countenance you gave the last
 "good night."

Companions of my early days, if in your devious
 ways,
 While travelling through life's wilderness, with
 many a winding maze,
 Your lot should not be happiness, without its share
 of grief,
 Oh, harbour not despondency: Hope lives to give
 relief.

And if upon your destiny fond Fortune's favours
 shine,
 And round about your lofty brow her flowery gar-
 lands twine,
 Remember 'tis no flow'ret that lives without decay,
 The loveliest and the fairest must quickly fade away.

Then companions of my early days, lost friends of
 youth and love,
 If 'tis not paradise below, there still is one above ;
 And if we ne'er on earth should meet again such
 bliss to share,
 We'll live in hope that happy land will find our
 meeting there.



OH! PLANT NOT THE WILLOW!

OH! plant not the Willow-tree over my grave,
 Nor let the dark Cypress, its sad branches wave!
 For why should such emblems of mourning still
 last,

When the sorrowing days of our mourning are past?
 The myrtle, the lily, things sacred and blest,
 Should be placed o'er the spot where we slumber at
 rest.

The pink and the rose o'er our relics may rise,
 Light and pure as the soul that's gone up to the skies,
 Things of heavenly hue should breathe from the
 ground,
 From emblems of holiness scattered around;
 But plant not the Willow-tree over my grave,
 Nor let the dark Cypress its sad branches wave!

In some calm hallow'd spot lay me quietly down,
 And sigh not one word about fame or renown;
 Let the sunbeams play light o'er the green turfy bed,
 And the daisy and violet spring round the dead;
 But plant not the Willow-tree over my grave,
 Nor let the dark Cypress its sad branches wave!

For why should we grieve when the spirit has flown,
 And gone to that heavenly land of its own,
 Amid regions of blessedness ever to dwell,
 And bid to its sickness and sorrows farewell?
 Oh! plant not the Willow-tree over my grave,
 Nor the gloom-spreading Cypress its branches to wave!

LINES TO THE BLUE THROATED
 WARBLER,

Which was shot some time since in this Country.

WHAT drove thee thou gay little stranger
 So far from thine own coral strand ;
 From the spicy plantations a ranger,
 To seek this ungenial land ?

Did the Indian's arrow alarm thee,
 When swift from the bow it had flown ;
 Or were there no warblers to charm thee,
 With nightingale notes like thine own ?

From the lofty magnolia bending
 So gracefully, why didst thou roam ?
 Where the humming bird's plumage is blending,
 Its charms, with their pride and perfume ?
 No ! the flower-bell's cup thou didst heed not,
 Its fragrance was left to the wind,
 Upon its pure nectar you fed not,
 But left all its beauties behind.

From a land so luxuriantly prime,
 Thy folly has led thee to roam,
 And hasten thy wings from a clime,
 Where citron and orange trees bloom,
 And Oh ! tho' too late 'tis I tell thee,
 And grieve at thy leaving such flowers,
 No mischief might e'er have befell thee
 Hadst thou dwelt in thine own native bowers.

LINES.

I WANDER'D at eve near the ivy-clad ruin,
 When winds whistled mournfully by ;
 And something unearthly appear'd in the sound,
 As nightfall came on and the breeze murmur'd
 round,
 Then seem'd in the distance to die.

The bat flitted by with his rustling wing,
 And chased the dull beetle in flight ;
 From her covert above the roused magpie or daw
 Shriek'd out like some demon, a hollow caw, caw !
 Spreading terror to darkness and night.

Fair Hesper alone for a moment was seen,
 Then hid by a cloud in the sky,
 When anon all again was a horrible blank,
 And spirits of evil seem'd playing their prank,
 As through lattice the wind whistled by.

Long and loud did the echo still dwell on the ear,
 And Nature herself stand aghast ;
 Ere that hurricane sound through the branches
 would cease,
 Or whistle itself into stillness and peace,
 And die on the wings of the blast.

At length like a child with a temper untamed,
 Its fits were beginning to close ;
 It howl'd and it whistled, it sobb'd and it sigh'd,
 It raved and it murmur'd, it shriek'd and it cried,
 Then quietly sunk to repose.

And thus did I think as I silently turn'd,
 And homeward went wending my way ;
 How much like the breeze is the picture of life,
 We've joy and we've sorrow, we've peace and we've
 strife,
 To fill up our life's little day.

THE RUSTIC COT.

"He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and tho' poor perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight
 Calls the delightful survey all his own."COWPER.

OH think not pleasure dwells alone
 In marbled halls of dazzling light,
 That happiness is only known
 Amid the beautiful and bright ;
 Or when the festive board around,
 The sparkling wit and wine increase,
 That there, and only there she's found,
 To fill the heart with joy and peace.

Oh think not pleasure dwells alone,
 Where wealth and plenty's on the wing ;
 That from the ore we call our own,
 Our sole true happiness must spring.
 The glittering dust too oft we find
 Turns out to be but base alloy,
 Flies from our clutches like the wind,
 And does at once our peace destroy.

But oft within the lowly cot,
 Removed from titles and from gold,
 Where wealth and splendour are forgot,
 'Tis there true pleasure we behold.

Their dazzling halls—the forest glade,
 Where wild birds form the orchestra,
 And hearts in sunshine, or in shade,
 Buoyant and bounding, fresh and free.

Unsullied in its native wild,
 It there leaps forth in health and joy,
 By no false promises beguiled,
 Its inborn freedom to destroy.
 The mind majestic and serene,
 Can notes of pure devotion raise ;
 And with a calm and steady mien,
 Pour forth its tributary praise.

SONNET.

MARK ! 'tis the echo of the village bell :
 In solemn strains it vibrates on the ear ;
 Methinks it sounds like the departing knell
 Of some frail wanderer, who has bid farewell
 And left behind this narrow, earthly sphere,
 For regions more delightful, where no tear
 Has ever dropt from bright angelic eyes,—
 But where, in cloudless majesty, the skies
 Are ever beautiful, bright, calm, and clear
 As Heaven's fount itself ; where warm and near,
 In beatific shade, the sunbeams rise,
 Illumining this blissful paradise.
 Oh ! may some angel, with a gentle hand,
 Guide me through death to this fair stranger land.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

“Happy insect what can be,
In happiness compar’d to thee.”

COWLEY.

THOU merry little minstrel sprite, thou cricket
on the hearth,
Whose life is one pure roundelay of music and
of mirth;
How gaily by our fireside while winds blow loud
and high,
Thou makest glad the evening and singest lullaby;
Thou chasest tedious thoughts away, all gloom thou
dost suspend,
And right welcome do we hail thee, as our little
winter friend.

Thou heedest not the tempest storm that rides upon
the blast,
Thy little throne is always warm, fix’d in the chim-
ney fast,
The fire like an Indian sun makes summer time for
thee,
And the fervour of its ruby flame calls forth thy
minstrelsy;
We listen to its choral sound—that sharp and
piercing cry,
Fills all our hearts with gladness as thou singest
lullaby.

The birds may whistle in the wood, the dove may
 perch on high,
 And send her gentle cooings forth beneath a sunny
 sky ;
 While leaves are seen all fresh and green, and flowers
 bright and fair,
 Are sending forth their odours sweet to scent the
 balmy air ;
 And summer gay in rich array, bids pleasure on the
 wing,
 Elate the hearts of all who hear her gentle
 murmuring.

But thou art still our constant friend when these are
 hurried by,
 And winter howls around our home with many a
 dreary sigh ;
 When leaves which fill'd the forests green and
 danced in sunbeams bright,
 Lay sapless on the frozen sod a cold and cheerless
 sight.
 Then, then we doubly hail thee friend, thou sprightly
 little thing,
 Who canst fill our hearts with joy, and turn Old
 Winter into Spring.

Oh would that all who hear that voice a lesson from
 it caught,
 Who tho' lowly in its station has not one despond-
 ing thought ;
 But passes all its live-long hours as blithesome and
 as gay,
 As if the seasons ever bloom'd in one perennial May ;

Then welcome to our fireside thou merry little sprite,
Again with crumbs thy seat we'll fill beside the
embers bright.

There's music in the gurgling wave, there's music in
the wind,
As it whistles through the branches bare, yet leaves
no trace behind ;
But the music of thy merry note that chirrup wild
and free,
Surpassing all such echoes, has a richer charm for me ;
Then sing thou merry minstrel sprite and cheer the
wintry tale,
Till the gladsome chimes of summer times come
rising on the gale.*

MORNING.

THE radiant flashes of morning are breaking,
And darkness receding away ;
The spirit of life, light, and beauty awaking
Before the great monarch of day.

Rich amber and gold through the heavens are
spreading,
And throwing their tints from on high,

* England our old enemy is renowned for many such associations. I lately met with an ingenious and pains-taking friend of mine who had spent many years in that country, and he related to me among other peculiarities of its inhabitants, their fondness for a little insect called a Cricket, which hides itself in crevices in their hearths and sings merrily in the nighttime.—*Montaigne's Essays*, 1580.

So splendid, that poets have termed it a wedding,—
The “bridal of earth and of sky.”

So pure, so serene, so rich, so enchanting,
Earth seems on a morning like this,
That all must rejoice where little is wanting
To make it an Eden of bliss.

The bee and the bird, the forest and flowers,
Uniting at once can rejoice—
Then why should not man share the bliss of such
hours,
And mix with the pæan his voice?

THE MORALIST'S DREAM, OR SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

METHOUGHT 'twas morn, fresh rising from
the east,
Sol's orient blushes spread the ethereal blue,
Man, beast, and bird, with joy arose to feast
On Nature's charms, luxuriant to each view,
While spreading wider as the light increased,
The scene superb displayed its brilliant hue
Of hills and valleys, ocean, rocks, and beach,
Spread like a map far as the eye could reach.

And now methought a rocky steep I cross'd
To gaze upon this sublunary show,
And there seem'd not an angry breeze that toss'd
The waving billows of the lake below;

But all in calm tranquillity were lost
 The dashing surges and the furious flow,
 Which oft' before I'd witness'd with much fear,
 Their angry threats of death or danger near.

And now inspired by Sol's genial ray,
 Each songster pour'd his elevated sound,
 And flowers their adoration seem'd to pay,
 By wafting sweet their redolence around,
 Which gentle zephyrs caught and bore away
 So soft, the blade scarce trembled on the ground,
 Making so pure and sweet the morning's birth,
 That it appeared for once a heaven on earth.

In truth it was an earthly paradise,
 Without one particle of hated gloom
 To mark around the wings of Hyleon rise ;
 And every blossom in its purest bloom,
 Spreading its exhalations to the skies,
 As if the earth had not sufficient room
 To hold the splendour of so bright a morning,
 As seem'd just then fair Nature's lap adorning.

Thus the first hour of day was so serene,
 I thought that clouds would never overshadow
 To mar the brightness of so fair a scene,
 Itself immaculate, where pleasure play'd
 With bright Aurora, Nature's golden queen,
 Spreading like gossamer o'er hill and glade,
 Beams radiant, which illumined earth's recesses,
 And rocks and caves display'd their sparry dresses.

Such was the scene, but 'twas of short duration,
 For soon some rolling clouds o'erspread the sky,

Throwing their shadows as an intimation,
 That soon they meant to spoil earth's majesty,
 By showering down their torrents o'er each station;
 Which seem'd in Elysian transport to outvie
 Each other in their splendours and perfumes,
 More beautiful than e'en the peacock's plumes,

Majestically grand on wings sublime,
 Onward and slow the moving columns roll'd,
 Shading the verdant foliage in its prime,
 With varied hues of ebon, snow, and gold,
 Sailing like sorrows o'er a sunny clime,
 Where all below is lovely to behold,
 Till beams resplendent change to clouds of gloom,
 And spoil the beauteous Eden in its bloom.

And so it proved, as awfully they spread,
 The brilliant landscape changed to dark despair;
 The opening floweret droopt its pendant head,
 E're scarce the first round drop had found it there,
 Or the rose trembled in its thorny bed,
 With the first blast that shook the liquid air,
 Which spread its terrors with a reckless hand,
 As the swift whirlwind hurtled o'er the land.

And thus I thought, as silently and still
 I watched with sad amaze the storm descend,
 How much like human life, of good and ill,
 Of calm and tempest in one scene will blend:
 First extatic joy our bosoms fill,
 And then a storm those extacies will rend,
 Which comes upon us like some foul intrusion,
 And mingles joys and sorrows in confusion.

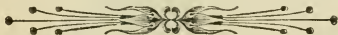
When hearts are young, then gaiety and mirth
 Attend the rosy hours in their round ;
 And glowing thoughts expanding from their birth,
 Then peace and joy and happiness are found ;
 But e're we've time to estimate their worth,
 Some undream't gloom or sadness will surround,
 Casting a shade that damps our very nature,
 And throws a dubious veil upon each feature.

And such is man, the being of a day,
 Made up of joy and grief, of calm and shower,
 E're scarce he brings his actions into play,
 Nipt in his bud he withers like a flower ;
 And oft his energetic springs decay,
 Long e're his soul gains its meridian power,
 So frail and short lived are his pleasures here,
 A breath can waft him to another sphere.

And moralizing thus, I thought the storm
 Assumed a deeper cast of rueful sorrow,
 Like midnight shades, the landscape to deform,
 Spreading its blackened brows with tenfold horror,
 With looks which banish'd all things bright or warm,
 Such as old Satan* once was seen to borrow.
 But while I thus was musing on the theme,
 Behold I woke and found it was a dream.

“ *Immortal wrath sat on his rueful face,
 And where he look'd, a gloom pervaded space.”

BYRON.



STANZAS.

“ Oh, go thou to the forest where the spoils of autumn lie.”
COLLEGE ODE.

AGAIN is Old Winter approaching,
With withering looks so severe,
How soft are his footsteps encroaching,
To fill up the fast fading year !
The fields are no longer inviting,
The voice of the songster is still,
E'en now, while these lines are inditing,
The wind whistles shrilly and chill.

The leaves of the forest are lying
In numberless heaps on the sod,
The flowers around us are dying,
Where pleasure so lately hath trod ;
A change like the sunlight when fading,
Has gently crept over the scene,
And the gloaming of winter is shading
The path where its beauty hath been.

The foliage, the birds, and the flowers,
Which charmed both the ear and the eye,
While rapture enlivened the hours,
We bid for a season good bye ;
And sterner than rulers of nations,
The Frost King with terrible sway,
Will pour out his icy oblations,
To sparkle and choke up the way.


Yet why should we fear that oblation ?
 The hours of gloom will be few,
 And shortly a resuscitation,
 Again will bright splendours renew ;
 The redolent sweets will be springing,
 In beauty so brilliant and grand,
 The birds will again be all singing,
 And pleasures walk over the land.

And Winter, though listless and hoary,
 Or lifeless as many may deem,
 Hath still many traces of glory,
 As brilliant as Summer's gay beam ;
 The rime-branch, the snow-covered mountains,
 Presenting a landscape of bliss,
 The icicles fringing the fountains,
 Say, what can be equal to this ?

The seasons have each their own pleasure,
 For those who will taste of their charms,
 As nature fills up the grand measure,
 And spreads forth her beautiful arms ;
 The Spring with its bright blossoms glowing,
 The Summer, when dew-drops appear,
 And Autumn's rich tints gently flowing,
 While Winter fills up the round year.



BURIAL OF ALARIC.

 H, where is the grave of Alaric the fierce,
 The high tassel'd despot, oh where is his grave?
 The spot where he slumbers the eye cannot
 pierce,
 Or find the remains of ambition's proud slave.

Beneath the cold stream they have laid him to rest,
 Sad and deep in the midst of its miry bed ;
 With no stone for a tablet, or turf for his breast,
 But the wild roar of waters to dash o'er his head.

The sun fails to warm the cold spot where he sleepeth,
 He swayeth no sceptre of valour or fame ;
 E'en the flowers are banish'd, no wild rootlet creepeth
 A short-lived memorial to mark but his name.

And where are the spoils of his mighty achievement ?
 His laurel-wreath faded, his diadem gone ;
 The trophies all fled like a sorry bereavement ;
 With scarce a memento to linger upon.

Oh, sigh not for wealth, 'tis a bubble that passes ;
 Oh, sigh not for fame, 'tis a meteor that flies.
 The casketed treasure ambition amasses,
 Will fade from the grasp, as the flower that dies.

Like the breeze on the mountain his deeds have past
 over ;
 Like the breath of the tempest his projects have
 fled.

He has pass'd from the earth without means to
discover,
A shadowy trace where he resteth his head.

His reign soon was o'er, and its glory departed,
Like the tints of the rainbow ephemeral each hue,
Which gild with resplendence the cloud it has
thwarted,
Then vanish in mist—merely pearls made of dew.

Then flow Busentinus, let his name be forgotten,
With all the dark deeds he committed below ;
And tho' lost is the spot where his relics are rotten,
O'er his grave may the stream of oblivion still
flow.*

* The ferocious character of the barbarians was display'd in the funeral of a Hero, whose valor and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that waters the walls of Consentia, the royal sepulchre adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome was constructed in the vacant bed, the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited, was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employ'd to execute the work.—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, ch. xxxi.



LINES.

RELIGION has its golden hours,
 Its calm delights, its sacred strings,
 It carries on its balmy wings,
 The incense of celestial flowers.

It calms the heart, allays the fears,
 And gives the troubled conscience rest,
 Brings peace and sunshine to the breast,
 Instead of sighs, and grief, and tears.

Religion 'tis the greatest joy
 That is below to mortals given,
 A sacred boon, a gift from heaven ;
 A sea of bliss without alloy.

Oh ! may we all this joy partake,
 And bathe within this blissful sea,
 Whose waves fill up eternity ;
 A never ending heaven to make.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CLIFTON.

“ Many a year is in its grave,
 Since I cross'd this restless wave ;
 Yet the sunbeams bright as ever,
 Shine on ruin, rock, and river.”

LONGFELLOW'S *HYPERION*.

MANY a year has past away,
 Since I wander'd here of yore ;
 Many a heart then light and gay,
 Companions of my earlier day,
 I now shall see no more,

Many a year has ta'en its flight
 Upon the wings of ancient time ;
 Since we wander'd with delight,
 To gaze upon the beauteous sight,
 And up the mountain climb.

The rugged rocks hold still their place,
 In verdant beauty richly crown'd ;
 But where is now the smiling face,
 Which beam'd with such peculiar grace,
 When last we rambled round ?

The river rolls beneath the beam
 Of Sol's invigorating ray ;
 And bright and beauteous is the gleam
 Reflected from its silver stream,
 As in our younger day.

But other thoughts creep o'er us now,
 Our beating hearts grow sear and tame,
 For time has shaded many a brow,
 Which gazed upon thee years ago,
 Tho' thou art still the same.

Companions are like swallows gone,
 Diverging far and wide away ;
 Who shared with us life's glowing morn
 When on the wings of transport borne ;
 But where ! ah where are they ?

Aye, some we own have bid farewell
 To all thy hills and valleys green,
 By fate's unalterable spell,
 In other lands have gone to dwell,
 And change their earthly scene.

And others in the bed of death,
 Have calmly laid them down to sleep,
 No more to smell thy perfum'd breath,
 Or wander o'er the pleasant heath,
 Or down thy zigzag creep.

For destiny of human life,
 None ever yet on Earth could trace;
 Or change the everflowing strife,
 (Naught but an angel staid the knife,)
 In holy Abraham's case.

And thus despite of all our fears,
 A guardian hand is o'er us spread,
 Which silently the spirit cheers,
 Dispels the gloom and dries our tears,
 When hope has nearly fled.

The Sun it smiles as bright to day,
 As when we first beheld its light;
 The woods are green, the flowers as gay,
 And Nature dress'd in rich array,
 Still please the ravished sight.

Children are sporting on the green,
 As gay as we were wont to be,
 How animating is the scene,—
 But let a few years intervene,
 And banished is their glee.

The changes of a few short years,
 The pleasing visions thus destroy;
 So strange, so mystic it appears,
 It brings the eye suffused with tears,
 Instead of smiling joy.

Then let us seek not, doubt or fear,
 For those we own are truly blest,
 Who patiently their course will steer,
 The few short years they journey here ;
 Then wait " the promised rest."

STANZAS WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

" As tints fall down upon October leaves,
 Brilliant and many hued yet touched with sadness ;
 So are the summer fancies of my mind,
 Chequer'd with thoughts more wintry."

THE smiling scenes have nearly fled from
 Autumn's yellow plain,
 And hoary Winter waiting stands to take his
 wonted reign ;
 The leafless branches lift their heads beneath a
 sullen sky,
 While through them with a sadden'd voice, the wind
 howls mournfully.

How changed, alas, seems each fond scene, from
 Summer's happy time,
 When harvest field and forest dell smiled in its
 golden prime ;
 When merry notes in transport raised, re-echoed
 through the glade,
 And purling streams which flowed so soft, such
 pleasant music made.

The Flowers too that bloom'd around, bright stars
 that deck'd the Earth,
 Which from a gracious hand benign received their
 lovely birth,
 Have now resigned their beauteous forms, their
 colours bright and gay,
 And with the rest of Summer's scenes have withered
 to decay.

No murmuring bee is on the wing, the streams to
 torrents swell,
 And wash in heaps the scary leaf that gathers in
 the dell ;
 The birds are mute, and scarce a sound which we
 were wont to hear,
 Now brings a chord to raise a charm upon the rav-
 ished ear.

The Sun whene'er he deigns to peep, puts on a slant-
 ing ray,
 And issues forth a sickly glare to light the leafless
 spray ;
 While cold and cheerless all around the shorten'd
 days appear,
 As ancient time is meteing out the round and varied
 year.

A world of vast vicissitudes, a wond'rous world of
 change,
 To mortal man this seems alas ! but is not life as
 strange ?
 A few more months, the earth will smile, beneath its
 summer skies,
 A few more years at most, and man, immortal then
 will rise.

HEBREW MELODY—(OR LAMENT).

“Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees’ excellency—wild beasts of the desert shall lie there ; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures ; and owls shall dwell there and satyrs shall dance there.”—
ISAIAH XIII.

DAUGHTER of Israel, sad and forlorn,
Near the wreck of fair Babylon wander’d ;
She sigh’d o’er the place where her sires were
born,

As over its ruins she ponder’d.
“Oh where have they banish’d my race!” she cried,
“The city lies waste and forsaken ;
And ages have roll’d in Time’s swift tide
Since the last of its musical cadences died
Which of yore did its spirit awaken.

I weep for the past, but my weeping is vain,
For the harp and the willows have fallen,
And scarcely a vestige is left to remain
Where the owl or the bittern is calling.
A wild wind moans o’er the desolate place,
Like a dirge on the slumb’ring hours,
Where once in the scene smiled many a face,
Of the daughters and sons of ‘mine ancient race,’
Who rejoiced in their turrets and towers.”



VIRTUE DISMISSING COURTESY ; OR
THE MASK UNVEILED.

AWAY foul monster, haste away,
And hide thy face from beauteous day,
Go seek some foul unhallowed dell,
Some horrid cave, or dismal cell ;
And never let again these eyes
Behold thee, with thy hateful lies.
Thou that pretend'st to be so kind !
And said thou had'st a virtuous mind,
Thou that wast so sincere and civil,
I think thou art a demi-devil.
Deceitful wretch, I do detest thee,
Go haste and in some cavern rest thee ;
Seek out thy kindred fiends fell,
And with foul monsters learn to dwell,
And never from thy sable den,
Walk forth in sunny beams again.

THE SEASONS.

“ Four seasons fill the measure of the year.”—KEATS.

THE rolling year revolves around,
How fast the seasons fly ;
Old winged Time with scarce a sound
Is swiftly passing by.

Four quarters fill the annual ring,
 Of all our hope or fears ;
 And Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
 Compose our fleeting years.

And first is Spring, a joyous time,
 In Nature's glories drest ;
 When health and beauty in her prime,
 Is courted and caressed ;
 The laughing hours fresh and free,
 On wings of pleasure fly ;
 The world seems youth and jollity,
 Beneath a laughing sky.

And then comes Summer, bright and gay,
 With splendours rich and grand ;
 The sun sends forth a warmer ray,
 To fill the fruitful land.
 Around in rich profusion strown,
 Flowers and fruits are seen,
 Spreading the glories of her throne,
 Far o'er the smiling green.

Then Autumn, with its golden stores,
 Flies rapidly away ;
 The luscious draught Pomona pours,
 Soon withers to decay.
 The drooping verdure from the trees,
 In valley, wood, or plain,
 Nipt by the Tempest's chilly breeze,
 Return to earth again.

And last of all stern Winter's breath,
 Ends the revolving year :
 Beneath his sway a scene of death,
 On all around appear.

The glory of the passing sun,
 Flies swiftly from the sight,
 The scene is changed, the race is run,
 And Nature sinks in night.

And such is all that man can boast,
 A season frail and brief;
 Sporting a few short years at most,
 Then like the fading leaf.
 Old Winter comes with angry frown,
 O'ertakes him at a breath,
 Spreads his cold hand and lays him down,
 When life is closed in death.

LEGENDARY LINES,

Written after viewing Minster Lovell.

“On came the foe like swarming bees,
 Or leaves upon the Summer trees,
 As torrents swell'd by mountain rain,
 They scoured the valley, swept the plain.”

DEAKIN'S VALLEY OF VISION.

THE landscape smiles, the skies are bright,
 Sweet odours fill the balmy air,
 Shedding a clam and soft delight
 Where all is fresh and fair.

The lark is warbling overhead,
 The busy rooks are on the wing;
 While varied flowers around are spread,
 To paint the gorgeous Spring.

Such is the scene we now behold,
 How changed from that of days of yore,
 When scenes of war and rapine roll'd
 Their sanguinary gore.

Yon mould'ring relic stands to tell,
 Of what has been in days gone by ;
 We learn what feats and frays befell,
 From its past history.

What deeds of chivalry went forth,
 Upon the campaign country round ;
 And charged the foe from east to north,
 To tempt not near its ground.

Lord Lovell once its inmate dwelt,
 Staunch, in its massy walls secure ;
 Where neither pain nor want was felt
 Within its ample door.

Its halls were hung with armour bright,
 To menace all intruding foes ;
 Where many a lord and warlike knight,
 Practised exchange of blows.

In deeds of war their chief delight,
 The lances they were seen to wield ;
 And like fierce combatants in fight,
 Make ready for the field.

Preparing thus for deeds of arms,
 Their gay sham-fights and merry hum,
 Were oft practised in case alarms,
 Should say the foe was come.

Thus years roll'd on in merry plight,
 With wine and revelry and song ;
 Secure within the castle tight,
 They dream'd not of wrong.

But all was to their hearts' content,
 They reveled, feasted, lived away
 On viands which Pomona sent,
 To cheer man's little day.

Thus was it seen, when lo ! a sound
 Was echoed through his wide domain,
 That spies were watching o'er the ground,
 The foe was on the plain.

Already had their sound been heard,
 Their glittering helmets dimly seen ;
 With plumes like branches zephyr stirr'd,
 Advancing o'er the green.

Lord Lovell call'd his valiant men,
 To meet the foe like heroes bold,
 To fight and shew them there and then,
 He held a safe stronghold.

With warlike might he led the way,
 With cuirass bright and massy shield ;
 Calling on all to brave the day,
 And drive them from the field.

But shortlived was his bravery,
 Soon over was his flaunting boast ;
 He turned all death-like pale to see,
 The fast advancing host.

Like leaves in autumn they appear'd,
 So numerous the marshall'd train ;
 He slipp'd aside and back he veer'd,
 In fear of being slain.

His knights all gallant met the foe,
 Engaged in combat fierce and brave ;
 Returning two-fold blow for blow,
 Nor any quarter gave.

The lances like to meteors bright,
 Flash'd tremulous in sunbeams glare ;
 Loud was the shouting, dread the fight,
 But no Lord Lovell there.

At length, the foemen press'd full sore,
 Turn'd hastily their shields and fled ;
 Leaving behind a scene of gore,
 The dying and the dead.

The gallant knights that still remain'd,
 Now chased them like fierce birds of prey,
 Then back return'd, the fight was gain'd,
 And glorious was the day.

Lord Lovell now was shouted for,
 For Lovell's bones they search'd the plain,
 Turning the wounded o'er and o'er,
 Fearing their Lord was slain.

No helmet bright, or sabre dark,
 Lay on the sanguinary field,
 By which their longing eyes could mark,
 The weapon he did wield.

The search was made in brier and brake,
 Full thorough all the country round;
 And dragg'd in haste the crystal lake,
 But no Lord Lovell found.

Thus was he lost, and years roll'd on,
 And messages to distant strands
 Were sent, in hopes that he had gone
 To dwell in foreign lands.

But all in vain, no tidings came
 Of Lovell or his helmet bright;
 All, all had vanish'd, and his name
 Was nigh forgotten quite.

When, years gone by, in's mansion vast
 Some curious eye in searching found
 A trap-door lock'd and bolted fast,
 In vault deep underground.

The lock was broken, when behold!
 A skeleton in armour dress'd,
 Lay like a slumb'ring knight of old,
 It wore Lord Lovell's crest.

For to this secret cold recess,
 His Lordship had for safety hied:
 Forgot his key (as now we guess),
 And like Ginevra* died.

Yonder the mould'ring ruin stands
 Still frowning o'er the chequer'd scene;
 Still dwelt on by the village bands,
 A tale of what has been.

* See Rogers's Italy.

TO THE REDBREAST, IN DECEMBER.

“ Unheard in summer’s flaring ray
 Pour forth thy notes sweet singer.”

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

NOW is it that thy cheerful voice
 Is heard to cheer the wintry hours ?
 Alone thou seemest to rejoice
 When earth has lost her beds of flowers ;
 While cold and cheerless feels the air,
 As breezes pass with fitful moan,
 Thou sendest forth thy song alone,
 Amid the garden bare.

The leaves which late in forests green
 Hung o’er thy safe sequester’d nest,
 Are now all banish’d from the scene
 Since thou wert there a summer guest ;
 And dreary is that sacred spot
 Where lately smiled the sunny hours,
 But now ’tis changed,—the roseate bowers
 By warbler is forgot.

Yet thine is true philosophy,
 To make the best of every day ;
 And as the season hurries by,
 In wintry gloom or sunlight gay,
 In garden bare, or bushy grove,
 Thy song we hear, or form descry,
 Spending so gay and cheerfully
 A life of song and love.

Then health be with thee, gentle sprite,
 Who com’st to cheer the wintry hour,

Who help'st to make the scene more bright
 When "tempest storm begins to lour;"
 May no rude hand thy form assail,
 As pleasantly on leafless spray,
 Thou sendest forth a roundelay,
 E'en in the sleety gale.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

"What transport to retrace our boyish days,
 Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied,
 The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
 Of the wild brooks."

COMPANION of my rural wanderings,
 At thought of these the airy muse now sings,
 Pleased with the past to travel o'er again
 The woodland green, the valley, and the plain.
 Pleasant it is to dwell on some rich scene,
 Where all is fair, fresh, beautiful, and green;
 Where sunlit clouds their golden shadows throw
 In tints resplendant o'er the scene below.
 When half in shade the distant hills emerge,
 Mingling their summits with the horizon's verge;
 Such are the scenes we often have enjoyed,
 And with their beauties never yet were cloy'd.
 Or in romance, the rugged steep to scramble,
 Onward through brush-wood, brier, bush, and bramble,
 Or next in turn to search the quarry o'er,
 And mark the different strata which it bore;
 Searching for ammonites, or cirri curl'd,
 The tide-left relics of a former world.
 And as in conversation o'er the green,

What "glimpses into cloudland" have we seen ;
 When the light mist encircled all below,
 Like waves of silver floating to and fro,
 Till wafted by the breeze its light wings spread,
 Their giant pinions o'er the mountain head.
 And resting, caught reflected rainbow dyes,
 Which spread its brilliant lustre in the skies ;
 And we have linger'd on the mountain brow,
 Where Keats once stood, to view the vale below ;
 Endymion Keats ; who in his early prime
 Sunk to his grave, long, long before his time.
 Dishonor'd Keats, few have been served much worse,
 Who pined and sunk beneath a critic's curse,
 Would that he'd had a nerve of steel like Byron,
 To turn and lash them with a rod of iron ;
 Yet on, my muse with brighter things would rest,
 Poor Keats is gone, long be his memory blest,
 And since he's gone the very nations round,
 Own the unfairness of so deep a wound.
 Oft have we loiter'd in the verdant glade,
 Where beech and ivy lent their welcome shade,
 When summer suns threw their intensest beams,
 On all around, grove, garden glade, and streams ;
 Where with some books an ample feast we made,
 Without a sound our province to invade,
 Save the loud thrush or mellow blackbird's notes,
 Whose voices mingling with the stream which floats
 Adown that lovely glen, made still more sweet
 The bliss that crown'd our paradise retreat.
 Oft have the hours in pleasure roll'd along,
 Cheer'd by the gentle breeze, the brook, the song,
 Which murmur'd by on pinions soft and balm,
 As Evening lent her dewy shadows calm.
 Fled from the world to scenes the muses love

In friendship, peace, and solitude to rove.
 These are the charms which call our fancy back,
 Delighted yet again their scenes to track ;
 Calm, clear, and beautiful as Cynthia's face,
 Such hours with two-fold pleasure we retrace.
 Aye, many a scene still lingers on the mind,
 In memory's labyrinthine bowers entwined,
 Which leave a charm that will not fade away,
 For many a bright and many a live-long day ;
 Or when beneath the sun's declining beam,
 We launch'd our boat upon the rippling stream,
 When Evening lent the fairest of her charms,
 To cheer the May-fly in its summer swarms ;
 How have we danced upon its silvery tide,
 And mark'd with joy the circles spreading wide,
 While in our flight we staid not to retrace,
 The hills and woods reflected on its face ;
 But as we pass'd its banks where inlets lay,
 To each one gave the name of some new bay,
 Or new discover'd cove, as fancy's wing,
 In her young flights of wild imagining
 Pourtrayed them to our senses as we sped,
 In extacies along its glassy bed.
 Such were the hours we cannot yet forget,
 Tho' since that time dull wintry suns have set,
 With many a thick and many a lurid gleam,
 Upon the ripple of that floating stream ;
 Yet they are dear,—the very name is sweet
 To think that we again in thought can meet,
 Recount with joy the pleasant hours o'er,
 Tho' we perchance may see the like no more.
 Or when the sombre tints of Autumn closing,
 The Summer scenes, where loveliness reposing
 Was sinking into slumber, we have strayed

To mark the changes of the beauteous glade,
 While the autumnal sun his beams would throw
 In fiery flame upon the chequer'd show,
 Making the limpid waters to appear
 Like the red flood of some less friendly sphere;
 And the huge trees beneath the crimson gleams,
 Threw their protracted shadows in the streams.
 And we have seen Old Winter with chill breath,
 Leave his cold footsteps on the desert heath,
 While snow-clad mountains glisten'd in the rear,
 To fill the measure of the circling year.
 Oh! there are links which make life doubly dear,
 When friend with friend, and heart with heart can
 cheer

Each other in his worldly wanderings,
 As o'er life's page with magic hand it flings
 The balm of sunshine o'er its fading bowers,
 To renovate again its happiest hours.
 Such are my thoughts as with the muses' eye,
 Again I gaze on scenes since hurried by,
 Or calmly wait the future which may be
 Of joy or sorrow yet unknown to me.
 Farewell young friend, wherever you may roam,
 In this wide world to seek a happy home,
 Or in your rural wanderings o'er again,
 Should list enrapt to hear the wild birds' strain,
 Tho' far by distance sever'd, this lone heart,
 In real greetings no more bears its part;
 Think of the one who pens these lines to thee,
 In fancy roam again through flowery scenes with me.



FAREWELL TO THE FADING YEAR.

FAREWELL Old Year, tho' thoughts that are
 dear,
 Still linger around thy flight ;
 And we heave the sigh as thou hurriest by,
 To join with eternity's night.
 Since thy reign begun we have had much fun,
 And pleasantly sail'd, I ween,
 On the moving tide of thy changes wide,
 Or danced o'er thy verdant green ;
 A few stormy days have cross'd our ways,
 And darken'd the reigning sun,
 Yet the joys we have found as we pass'd our round,
 We own have been "ten to one."

We saw thee arise with cerulean skies,
 And march in majestic array,
 And thy light beams spread o'er the mountain head,
 To usher the New Year's day ;
 Then a few fleecy clouds just melted their shrouds,
 Dissolving in genial rain,
 To freshen the flowers with early showers,
 The same that we hope for again ;
 Rejoicing the earth as it quicken'd to birth,
 The numerous seeds which lie
 In their clay-cold cells of the forests and dells,
 Awaiting a warmer sky.

And then came Spring with its joyous wing,
 Clad in an emerald sheen,
 And the odours it spread from its pastoral bed,
 Were witness'd all over the green ;

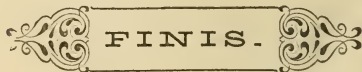
All nature was gay, park, paddock, and spray,
 Were dress'd in their richest attire,
 And many a sound did the woodlands resound,
 Flowing forth from the feather'd choir.
 Making gladsome the heart that shared in its part,
 The blessings which Nature had stored,
 As a banqueting feast for her children at least,
 Who partook of her plentiful board.

Then summer flew by 'neath a laughing sky,
 Shedding radiant lustre around,
 From her sunlit car as she spread it afar,
 Wherever a blossom was found ;
 Making merry and light with her warmest might,
 The numerous beings she eye'd,
 As over their head her pinions she spread,
 And their rainbow reflections dyed ;
 Bidding each to rejoice at the sound of her voice,
 As it echoed o'er mountain and glen,
 And filling the earth with music and mirth,
 As long as she held her reign.

Then Autumnal forms with their mists and storms,
 Came brooding over the land,
 Changing the hues of the numerous views
 Into pictures sublimely grand.
 While the splendid dyes of the vermiel skies,
 Were lively and bright to behold,
 Like a moving ocean in changeful commotion,
 Rolling its billows of gold ;
 And the glittering thorn each opening morn
 With the crystal dewdrops impearl'd,
 Shed a brilliant glow on the scenes below,
 Like rays of a fairy world.

And here at last is Old Winter fast,
 Bound in his icy chain,
 The leaping rills of the sloping hills,
 In his glassy fetters remain ;
 The birds are dumb, not a wild bee's hum
 Is heard in the lonely vale,
 Or a leaflet green on the trees is seen,
 To dance in the rising gale ;
 A change has come o'er the pleasures of yore,
 And driven its smiles away,
 And the king of the north comes trampling forth,
 To rule with a fearful sway.

Farewell, then Old Year, with a joyous career,
 May the next in succession abound,
 Bringing sunshine and mirth for the children of earth,
 To gladden life's mystical round ;
 And may gratitude's praise from our voices raise,
 As it scatters its blessings around,
 Spreading lasting delight for the heart and the sight
 As far as its circle is found.
 Thus a cheerful good-bye to thy fleeting we cry,
 And look for the last ebbing wave
 As it fades from the sight in the regions of night,
 For ever to rest in its grave !



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